

Silent Worker

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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ERNSTOGRAPHS

BY J. ERNST GALLAHER

Subject:—Some Well Known Former Heads of Schools for the Deaf.

FOREMOST among the number of former heads of schools for the deaf by reason of his pre-eminence and long service (53 years) is the well known and universally beloved Dr. EDWARD MINER GALLAUDET, famous son of the famous founder of deaf-mute education in America, and himself the originator of higher education for the deaf. The thousands of friends and admirers of this man, who is now passing his days in peace and happiness amidst scenes of his boyhood and young manhood, have here an opportunity of again gazing on his familiar features and seeing the Frenchman just as he looks today. The photograph, which is a most excellent one, was taken last February, soon after the doctor had passed his 76th birthday.

Dr. Gallaudet was only 20 years old when he went to Washington to organize and take charge of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind. Seven years later, disregarding his youthful appearance and probably having in mind Napoleon's famous saying that "nothing is impossible," he appeared before a committee of wise heads in Congress and laid before them a plan for a national college for the deaf as an adjunct of the Columbia Institution. Naturally the members of the committee were taken by surprise. What! A college for the deaf and dumb? Could they really learn the advanced studies? Dr. Gallaudet made use of the best arguments at his command and called his diplomatic skill into full play, finally convincing the learned gentlemen that the scheme was feasible. Accordingly in 1864 Congress passed an act authorizing the Columbia Institution to establish a college. Dr. Gallaudet then became president of the institution in all its branches. He was at the same time made president of the Board of Directors.

A question which many have no doubt asked themselves is this: What influenced Dr. Gallaudet to leave his home and go to Washington to found a college for the deaf? Here are the facts.

Hon. Amos Kendall, then Postmaster General under President Jackson, in some way became interested in the education of the deaf and the blind from having seen a school for them which had been started by an adventurer. He was led to believe the District of Columbia should have one that was regularly established and received public support. He therefore began to look about for a suitable man to organize and take up the work. Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet, principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, a big man in his day, was asked to recommend a good man and he



EDWARD MINER GALLAUDET, Ph.D., L.L.D.
Founder of Gallaudet College, and for 46 years
its President.

named Dr. Gallaudet. In due time the doctor received a formal offer from Mr. Kendall. It happened that Dr. Gallaudet had some time previously planned to establish a college for the deaf, and he believed Washington would be a good place for it. Heeding the old saying that "opportunity knocks at the door only once," he determined to seize opportunity this time. He replied to the offer made by Mr. Kendall by saying he would accept the superintendency of the Columbia Institution *only on condition the Board of Directors should allow him to work for the establishment of a college.* He won.

Before going to Washington Dr. Gallaudet was a bank clerk for three years, a college student two years, and a teacher in the Hartford School a year and a half.

About "Kendall Green," the locality surround-

ing Gallaudet College concerning which one reads so much: Mr. Kendall gave a house and two acres of land for the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind. Subsequently more land was purchased by Congressional appropriations till the whole amounted to 100 acres. The entire tract has since then been called "Kendall Green" in honor of the original donor.

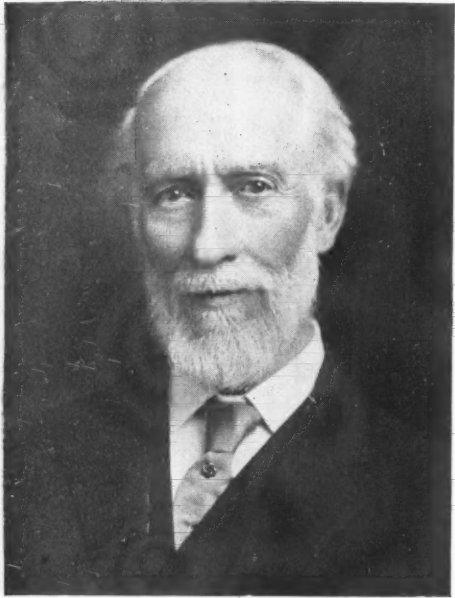
In the early years of the college Dr. Gallaudet encountered serious opposition in Congress and was obliged to work very hard to overcome it and secure the needed appropriations. The strain proved so great that he was compelled to take a year's rest to recover his health. This was in 1872-3 which was spent in Europe.

In 1867 he made an extensive tour of Europe, visiting more than forty schools for the deaf, to learn all he could about the different methods of instruction in use. In his report on this tour of inspection, he recommended that *all* deaf children be given an opportunity to learn to speak. It will be observed that this was 46 years ago. The attention of our ultra oralist friends who are in the habit of declaring that previous to the advent of oralism in America no attention was paid to speech in our state schools for the deaf, and that nobody cared to interest himself or herself in the subject, is invited to this fact. In his report Dr. Gallaudet also advised the adoption of a "combined system." This was the first use of that term in the literature of our profession, and it has been constantly used since then. This fact is worth remembering.

In 1886, on the invitation and at the expense of the British Government, Dr. Gallaudet went to England to give information to a Royal Commission regarding the educating of the deaf in America. On this occasion the Head Masters of the Schools of Great Britain and Ireland gave him an honorary dinner in London, many of the masters coming from distant points to meet him. He was entertained by the chairman of the Royal Commission, Lord Egerton of Tatton, at his beautiful country home near Manchester. He has made in all thirteen visits to Europe. Several of these visits have been professional, made for the purpose of visiting schools for the deaf, and to attend Congresses of the deaf and of teachers of the deaf. These Congresses have been held at Milan, Paris, London, and Edinburgh.

As the College was opened when Lincoln was president, we are naturally curious to know if Dr. Gallaudet ever met that great man. He met him several times and had conversations with him. Lincoln never visited Gallaudet College, though there can hardly be any doubt he would have done

THE SILENT WORKER



JOB WILLIAMS, M.A., L.H.D.
Formerly Principal of the American School for the Deaf

so later had his life been spared. President Grant presided at the dedication of the chapel building, and made a short address. Other presidents who visited the college were Hayes (on two occasions), Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, and Roosevelt. The latter was greatly surprised when the students greeted him with a College yell. He probably was on that occasion convinced that the deaf could be successfully taught to speak.

The distinguished Joseph Chamberlain was another notable who visited the college. He made an eloquent address to the students, which was almost as eloquently interpreted in signs by Dr. Gallaudet. Mr. Chamberlain, on his return home, gave a fine and highly complimentary account of his visit to the Royal Commission on the Deaf and the Blind of England. The Emperor of Brazil paid a visit to the college in 1876, and showed great interest in the work. He planted an ivy in front of the chapel, and several years later sent a message through his minister at Washington to know if it was thriving. Any one who visits the college to this day will be shown the ivy if requested. Arch Deacon Farrar, of England, was an interested visitor, so also was Dr. Wu Fing Fang, the minister from China, who made an address on Presentation Day. The last visitor of note was Lady Aberdeen, who visited the college in 1913.

One would naturally expect a man of Dr. Gallaudet's standing to be a highly honored member of society, because the American public is not slow to recognize the true worth of a man. He has been a trustee of Howard University, also of George Washington University; President of the Literary Society of Washington; of the Cosmos Club; of the Young Men's Christian Association; Elder in the Church of the Covenant, and an honorary Commissioner of the Vienna International Exposition, in 1873. He is also a member of the Washington Academy of Sciences, and a number of Scientific Societies. He was made a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor in 1912. He is president of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, and author of a Manual of International Law, a college text book which has run through four editions. In 1887 he published a "Life of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet," and has contributed many articles to monthly magazines.

Dr. Gallaudet has been married twice. Eight children were born from these marriages, of whom six are living. Their names and occupation are:

Miss Katherine Fessenden, who lives with her father in Hartford. (The first Mrs. Gallaudet was a Miss Fessenden).

Mrs. Grace Worden Classon, wife of an artist.

Mrs. Marion Wallace Edgerton, wife of a professor in the Yale Law School.

Denison, who married Miss Alice Wemple, daughter of Hon. Edward Wemple, a former member of Congress. Denison and his brother Edson are engaged in building aeroplanes in Norwich, Conn.

Edson Fessenden, who married Miss Marion Cockrell, daughter of Ex-Senator Cockrell of Missouri.

Herbert Draper, married to Miss Elizabeth Young, daughter of a New York capitalist. He is the pastor of a Congregational Church in Bridgeport, Conn.

—DR. JOB WILLIAMS

The American School at Hartford has had seven principals since its opening in 1817, the present incumbent making the seventh. DR. JOB WILLIAMS, who resigned in August, 1913, on account of failing health, served longer in that school than any of his predecessors. He taught there 13 years and was principal 34 years, making a total of 47 years of honorable service in a worthy cause. Like his old friend and fellow-townsmen Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, he is a graduate of Yale, having received



JOHN W. SWILER, M.A.
Formerly Superintendent of the Wisconsin School for the Deaf

the degree of Master of Arts. He also bears the honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters from Gallaudet College. He is only one year older than Mr. Mathison, whose portrait appears elsewhere in this department, and five years younger than Dr. Gallaudet.

After graduating from college Dr. Williams taught two years in private schools and then accepted a position in the American School, where he remained till he resigned. The name of the principal when he began to teach was Rev. Collins Stone. When a vacancy occurred in the principalship it was filled by the appointment of Edward C. Stone, the son. In 1879 Edward C. Stone died, and Dr. Williams was appointed principal, a position he filled with great credit to himself and the school.

During his principalship nearly a dozen different kinds of books for the deaf were issued by the American School, the most notable and widely known being Miss Sweet's First Lessons in English. They have found their way to remote parts of the world, to say nothing of being in use in nearly every school for the deaf in the United States. They are used in China and Australia, foreigners who wish to learn the English language finding them a great

help to them. It is only fair to state that Dr. Williams not only inspired but in many ways aided the publication of the various books.

Two new buildings, the Industrial building and Cogswell Hall, were built while he was at the head of the school.

Dr. Williams was married to Miss Kate Stone in 1858. She was a daughter of Rev. Collins Stone, and was a teacher in the American School. Four children have been born from the marriage: Harry L., a physician in Minnesota; Alice S.; Arthur C., a business man in New Haven, Conn., and Charles G., a business man in Bridgeport Conn.

One of our school papers, in commenting on the severance of his connection with the education of the deaf, made use of the following remarks which I am sure every one who knows the venerable sage of Hartford will heartily endorse:

"Dr. Williams has made a fine record as an educator and director of a school. His views on the education of the deaf were carefully formed and well carried out. Yet though positive in his opinions there is no one more courteous than he in maintaining them and listening to the different views of others. He has always been eager to find out the truth and acknowledge it, no matter whether coinciding with his own views or not. The education of the deaf owes him a heavy debt for the series of admirable text books published by his school through his encouragement."

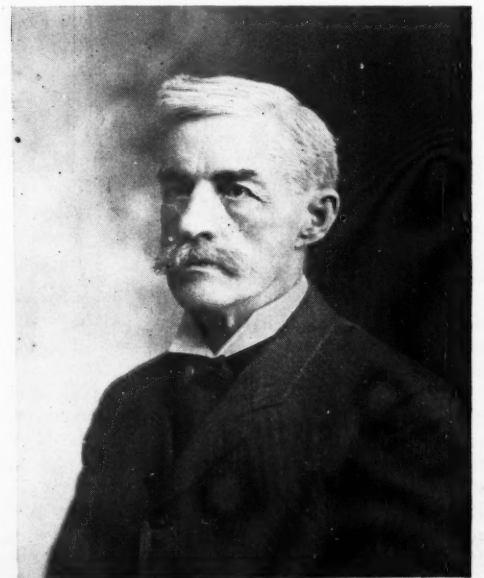
MR. JOHN W. SWILER

When MR. JOHN W. SWILER began teaching in the Illinois School in the fall of 1867 he was familiar with the sign-language, at that time considered a necessary qualification for a good teacher. He learned it from a deaf uncle named Daniel Swiler. At the time of his appointment to the teaching staff of the above school he was a clerk in a book and news store in Monmouth.

After a service of thirteen years in the Illinois School he received a call to the Superintendentcy of the Wisconsin School for the Deaf, in 1880. Having always been an advocate of oral teaching to such of the pupils as could profit under that method, he perfected arrangements for its extension under Miss Eddy, being anxious to afford all the pupils a trial. His experience with this method firmly convinced him that only a certain percentage of the deaf can be profitably educated by it, and his conviction remains unshaken to this day.

During his administration new buildings were erected; trade schools were extended; a regular weekly paper was for the first time issued; a gymnasium was built and equipped, and a manual training building with suitable equipment and competent instructors put in operation.

Mr. Swiler was never ambitious for place or



HENRY C. HAMMOND, M.A.
Formerly Superintendent of the Kansas School for the Deaf



S. TEFFT WALKER, M.A.
Formerly Superintendent of the Missouri School for the Deaf

power, and it will therefore be a surprise to his friends when they learn that, on separate occasions, he was offered the superintendency of the Minnesota and later the Illinois Schools. Both offers were declined, chiefly because he had already made other plans for the future.

Having been engaged in the work of educating the deaf for 35 years, Mr. Swiler decided the time had come for him to retire. In June, 1901, he tendered his resignation to the Board of Control, giving two reasons: (1) his desire to withdraw from active work in the education of the deaf; and (2) his conviction that his views in relation to the Pure Oral Day School System of Wisconsin were not shared by the Board of Control, who, on the contrary, rather favored the Day Schools. At that time the Oral Day School people of Wisconsin were especially active in their efforts to cripple the school at Delavan, and the then governor made some use of every man in the service of the state for his own personal aggrandizement. Mr. Swiler, being an upright man of sturdy Dutch-Irish stock, could not countenance such tactics, and sent in his resignation to escape dancing to the fiddle of the governor.

The reply of the Board of Control was to the effect that Mr. Swiler's reasons for wishing to resign seemed sufficient to justify the action, and that they were the more satisfactory because they involved no suggestion of want of ability, or failure in the performance of duty on his part, or any misunderstanding between himself and the Board. The Board expressed its appreciation of Mr. Swiler's earnest and most valuable labors.

I remember Mr. Swiler's first connection with the Illinois School 45 years ago. He was one of my first teachers, always trim and neat and of graceful carriage. His sign delivery was clear. Among both pupils and teachers he was popular. He married a lady of independent means, and they have three children, all married with families of their own. Ruth lives in Fort Worth, Tex.; George in Burlington, Ia., and Elsie in Toronto, Canada. A few years ago Mr. Swiler made an extended visit in Europe, and some time later spent a few months visiting Mexico. He has served as a member of the Board of Education of Burlington, his home city, and is highly respected by all who know him.

MR. HENRY C. HAMMOND

MR. HENRY C. HAMMOND is for one thing remarkably healthy and active for a man of his age, and is in prime condition mentally and physically to take charge of another school should the chance come his way. He has been a sort of athlete the greater part of his life, enjoying sports and hunting, and to this fact must be attributed his present

vigorous constitution. I have known him for 45 years; like his friend Mr. Swiler, he was one of my early teachers, and I have never known him to be a sick man. While teaching at the Illinois School he was a favorite with all the older pupils because of the interest he took in their games. I am told this has been the same with him at all the other schools with which he was formerly connected.

I remember a large young man named Peckare at the Illinois School who was the champion jumper in his day. He was continually challenging others to make as long jumps as he did. I called out Mr. Hammond one day and informed him of Peckare's boasting. Mr. Hammond immediately removed his coat and went a good way back to make a mighty big jump. We all watched him in excitement. Swift as a deer, almost, he ran and jumped oh so far! Peckare was vanquished at last. When the boys were playing ball they liked to have Mr. Hammond take part, which he usually did. He would always send a ball flying a good way out. His fancy skating charmed us all. He was a fine swimmer, and once saved the life of a youth who was drowning in the reservoir near the school.



ROBERT MATHISON, M.A.
Formerly Superintendent of the Belleville (Ontario) School for the Deaf

The following is Mr. Hammond's record as an educator of the deaf:

Teacher in Illinois School.....	5 years
Teacher in Indiana School.....	5 years
Superintendent Arkansas School.....	5 years
Superintendent Iowa School.....	3 years
Teacher in Nebraska School, a few months.	
Teacher in Illinois School again.....	7 years
Principal Chicago Day Schools.....	2 years
Superintendent Kansas School (not continuously)	12 years

Politics caused his removal as superintendent at each of the above schools except the Chicago Day Schools, which he resigned voluntarily. This step was much regretted by the deaf of Chicago who had counted upon him as a permanent resident.

While superintendent of the Arkansas School he started the *Optic* and edited it. He was also Editor of the *Deaf-Mute Hawkeye* while at the Iowa School, and of the *Star* while head of the Kansas School. His editing of these papers was above the average of institution papers at that time.

At one time some of Mr. Hammond's relatives lived in Chicago. His father was a Congregational minister of that city. He was himself born in Detroit, Mich., educated in the public schools of Chicago and graduated from Beloit College.

The young woman whom he married was a teacher at the Illinois School and was known as Miss Isabella Osgood. She was a beautiful lady.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammond have three children, one of whom, Miss Ethelwyn, is known to the profession as a successful teacher in the Wisconsin School. His other daughter also taught at the same school two years before her marriage. His son, who is married, is a traveling salesman.

Mr. Hammond's memory is esteemed at each school where he was known. He always tried to awaken a spirit of independence in his pupils, and to induce them to lead Christian lives.

MR. S. TEFFT WALKER

MR. S. TEFFT WALKER enjoys the distinction of having been the head of more schools for the deaf than any other man. He has been superintendent of

The Colorado School for the Deaf, 2 years.

The Kansas School for the Deaf, 8 years.

The Illinois School for the Deaf, 4 years.

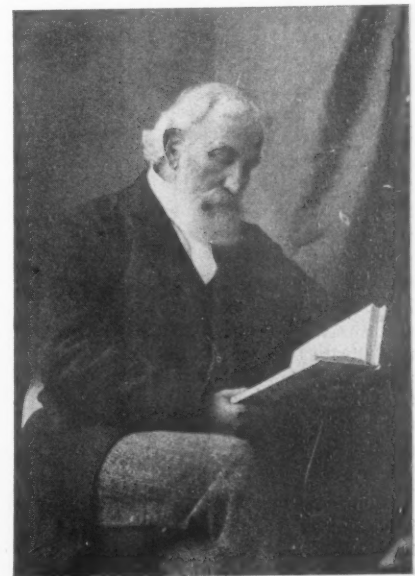
The Louisiana School for the Deaf, 4 years.

The Missouri School for the Deaf, 2 years.

No man has been made the target of politics so often as has Mr. Walker, for it was nothing but politics which influenced the powers that were to have him supplanted by another man. At each place his administration was a success and he rendered a satisfactory account of himself, yet in the end he was politely told that it would be necessary for him to make room for another man who had been clamoring for his job. Not all governors yield to these importunities, but fate seems to have placed Mr. Walker before such as did.

I have known Mr. Walker 40 years. In 1873 he was a clerk in the book and stationery store of Ward Brothers, Jacksonville, Ill., at that time adjoining the post office. It was there I became acquainted with him while acting as mail carrier for the Illinois School for the Deaf. Soon after he became private secretary to the Superintendent of the School for the Deaf, and later Supervisor. He did so well that he was in due time promoted to a teachership. From that time forward his progress was rapid. He was a good teacher and a good friend of the deaf. To this day he has remained one of the staunchest friends of the deaf and of the combined system, always at their beck and call to render any service.

He taught nine years in the Illinois School and two years each in the Mt. Airy and the Hartford schools. I kept my eyes on the varying fortunes of this handsome man after he left Illinois, and was not surprised to hear of his rise. He lived seven years in Chicago before going to Louisiana, and two years in Portland, Oregon, after leaving that state. During these years he was engaged in the real estate business, which is his present occupation.



WARRING WILKINSON, M.A., L.H.D.
Formerly Superintendent of the California School for the Deaf

Mr. Walker is the son and grandson of Methodist ministers. He has been married twice, and strangely enough his first wife's name was Miss Walker, though they were in no way related. His second wife was Miss Estella Bevans of Sranon, Pa. Of his three children by his first wife one is the wife of an Episcopal minister in Plymouth, Mass., another is professor of Sugar Technology in the College of Hawaii, and a third, a lady, is a teacher in the Mt. Airy School.

Mr. Walker is living happily with his wife in his own home on his own land of ten acres at a point overlooking Kansas City. His address is Merriam, Kansas.

DR. WARRING WILKINSON

DR. WARRING WILKINSON, who was born in Saratoga County, New York, in May, 1834, served eight years as teacher in the New York (Fanwood) Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and 44 years as principal of the California Institution for the Deaf and the Blind. He secured his education at Union College, New York, where he received his degree of Master of Arts. Since 1909 he has been principal Emeritus of the California School.

Always a strong advocate of the Combined System, he at the same time favored the oral method in cases where it could be used to advantage. Being a man of scholarly tastes and inclinations, he has occasionally written articles for magazines like *The Independent*, *Popular Science Monthly*, and others. It has been his habit to take an interest in his former pupils after they leave school, and he at one time conducted a sort of correspondence school with a number of them.

Mr. Willis Hubbard, for many years one of the leading teachers in the Michigan School, knew Dr. Wilkinson for nearly sixty years, and has a high opinion of him. One evening in 1867 Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet came into the study-room of the Fanwood School with a young man whom it was whispered was to become one of the faculty of the school. It was Dr. Wilkinson, who from that time forward became Dr. Peet's life-long friend. He showed ambition to master his profession, and in due time became one of its foremost exponents. He was beloved by all the New York pupils of the fifties and sixties, who were sorry to see him leave them to go to the Pacific Coast to begin his splendid career as the head of the California School for the Deaf and the Blind. Mr. Hubbard writes:

"None who attended the California Convention of the Teachers of the Deaf in 1886, will ever forget the splendid hospitality of the good Doctor. His old friends were received literally with open arms and eyes filled with tears of joy. No one ever had a more tender heart than he. I fondly hope he is now enjoying his declining years in the restful peace he has so abundantly earned by his life-long labors in behalf of the deaf."

Among Dr. Wilkinson's pupils in the New York Institution were Mrs. Weston Jenkins and Mr. Rowland B. Lloyd, both talented people and teachers of exceptional ability. Mrs. Jenkins contributes a three-page article in the *Annals* for January, 1910, on the excellent qualities of Dr. Wilkinson as she knew him. She speaks of the earnestness with which he taught his class, always succeeding in making the lessons interesting; of the wonderful way in which he told stories, captivating and charming all; how attentively he was followed in his Sunday lectures by the older pupils, and other things which show what a rare and skillful educator Dr. Wilkinson had been.

ROBERT MATHISON

A man of culture, gracious manner, high character and good ability—this is how one of the Canadian papers described MR. ROBERT MATHISON on the occasion of his retirement from the profession seven years ago. Those of us who had the pleasure of meeting him at Conventions of American Instructors of the Deaf well remember his pleasing personality and open-hearted disposition. He had been superintendent of the Belleville (Ontario) School

for the Deaf 27 years, making an admirable public servant and conducting the school with skill and ability. In 1906 he resigned to become Supreme Secretary of the Independent Order of Foresters at a salary, it was stated, of \$6000.00 per annum. Since even a horse has been known to break through a fence to get a little oats, no one can blame Mr. Mathison for cutting himself loose from the work of educating the deaf when the salary of the average superintendent does not exceed \$2000.00 a year. He is now Supreme Treasurer of the above fraternal organization. From the above it would appear that Americans who hesitate to emigrate to Canada for fear of being obliged eventually to trod over the hills to the poor house are laboring under a delusion.

Mr. Mathison is an old newspaper man, and was at one time owner of *The Expositor* of Brantford, Ontario. His journalistic experience no doubt proved of much value to him in his business life, conferring on him that peculiar kind of culture which its practice alone bestows on those who engage in it with intelligence and enthusiasm. He kept

himself informed on up-to-date methods of educating the deaf and had his school conducted on strictly modern lines. His retirement was greatly regretted by the educated deaf of Canada, more especially the former pupils of the school, many of whom wrote him letters expressing their sorrow. One paper stated that he had been "a father in all but kinship and law to the deaf population of the province," which is a high compliment as showing the love and esteem in which he was held.

One who has known him through and through thus speaks of him:

"As a man he was and is one of God's noble men. All that is good, all that is fine, all that is true is embodied in Robert Mathison. There is no person so lowly, no person with character so depraved that he cannot see the good that is in them. I used to complain to him that he would speak well of the Devil, and he would retort that he did admire Old Nick's perseverance. As a Superintendent he was all that one could wish, firm, just, considerate of everyone. A man so reliable that all over the Province his word was as good as another man's bond."

Holyoke Division No. 29, N. F. S. D.



HOLYOKE DIVISION NO. 26, 1913, NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF DEAF

Reading from left to right—H. Krueger, D. Brophy, G. O'Brien, E. Guyott, H. Daniels, A. Renzzani, H. Chevrete, J. West, T. Kane, J. Girard, J. Belouin, G. Willett, R. Burdick, W. Campbell, F. Gagnier, J. Kremer, Sargeant; F. Forsythe, Director; P. Beausoleil, Secretary; A. Klopfer, President; J. O'Connel, Vice President; A. Mercier, Treasurer; H. Marr, E. Renzzani, L. Jacus, J. Haggerty, C. Brown, G. Leno, B. Brunzell.

This photograph was taken last August. There are 28 members in the group. This division has 32 active members and one social member. It was chartered January 1st, 1910.

We meet once a month at 624 Bridge Street, Turn Verein, without any charge upon us. There is more life when we meet once a month than if we met three or four times a week. The wisdom of this move is due to the keen thought for the health of the members. They vote, talk, think, act and live fraternalism.

The membership of the N. F. S. D. has increased to over 1600, and with over \$40,000 in its treasury, shows its strength.

I take pride and interest in my division for it is a worthy institution doing good for the Deaf.

Brother Philip Morin and John Haggerty after repeated efforts to organize a new division at Boston, because of many deaf people living there, succeeded last April in launching a division in that city.

The division has several good athletes and a bowling team which has already won two cups, one on Labor Day at Holyoke when the combination

picnic was held and the other cup was secured at Boston in which the division defeated Boston expert bowlers last Thanksgiving.

Through Brother Klopfer's influence the division has had the use of free rent at Turn Hall for a meeting every month. There is a small fee charged, however, to use the hall for dances and socials.

The members of this division are all bent on increasing its membership in the state.

The N. F. S. D. is just what the deaf need. There is surely no better method than that which is employed by the above Society.

Last but not least, no deaf man who is able to prevent such a condition of affairs, ought to leave his family unprotected for. Here is opportunity. His family really wants protection but haven't the heart to ask him for it. Every man ought to know that, and surely the thought that he is doing his duty to his family is something worth while. It is worth many times the sacrifices that it will cost to join the N. F. S. D.

Join now.—"Not by and by."

ARNO L. KLOPFER.



By James S. Reider, 1538 N. Dover St.



HE Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf redeemed its promise by meeting in Shamokin this year—(August 14th, 15th and 16th 1913,) being the twenty-seventh meeting during an existence of thirty-two years. It was the Society's first visit there.

By the way, Shamokin, which is large enough to be a city of the third class, having a population of about 25,000 souls, is, by its own choice, still a town with an antiquated form of government. It nestles at the foot of high surrounding hills or mountains, which slope down to its centre, and huge culm banks may be seen on all sides making a most interesting sight. For a town, Shamokin has improvements and conveniences that would do credit to any city; but the visitor who arrives in town soon strikes a great eyesore in the shallow creek of dirty black water that flows through the central part of the town; it seems an inexcusable blot upon so fair a town and the wonder is that the people do not rise in rebellion against it. We have nothing but the kindest feelings and thoughts of the people of the town, who gave us a cordial reception and in whose midst we spent three of the most pleasant days of the past summer.

After some delay the Convention began its work late on Thursday morning in the High School Building with J. S. Reider, of Philadelphia, presiding; R. M. Ziegler, of Philadelphia, recording; A. U. Downing, of Pittsburgh, as Interpreter, and Geo. B. Cock, of Philadelphia, as Stenographer. An inspiring and appropriate invocation was made by the Rev. W. C. Charlton, Rector of Trinity Church, Shamokin, after which Burgess W. H. R. Smink delivered quite a lengthy address of welcome. The address, which was typewritten, showed that the Burgess had taken the trouble to look up the aims



CONVENTION GROUP IN FRONT OF THE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

and work of the Society so that he could address it intelligently; at any rate, he showed marked familiarity with the work of the Society and the estimation he placed upon it was more pleasing to the members than all the praise he might otherwise have lavished upon it. In part, the Burgess spoke as follows:

"You are to be commended for the beautiful home you have at Doylestown. Its management is all that could be desired and reflects great credit to your energetic work.

"When we take into consideration your affliction, we wonder why there are not a host of your people forced upon the charitably inclined public, why there are so few thrown upon the cold mercies of the world, until our thoughts bring us to realize the fact there are no drones among you. We fail to know of any idle, worthless mute. All are known

to be sober, honest, industrious and law abiding citizens, which cannot so truthfully be said of all the different characteristic classes of the human race.

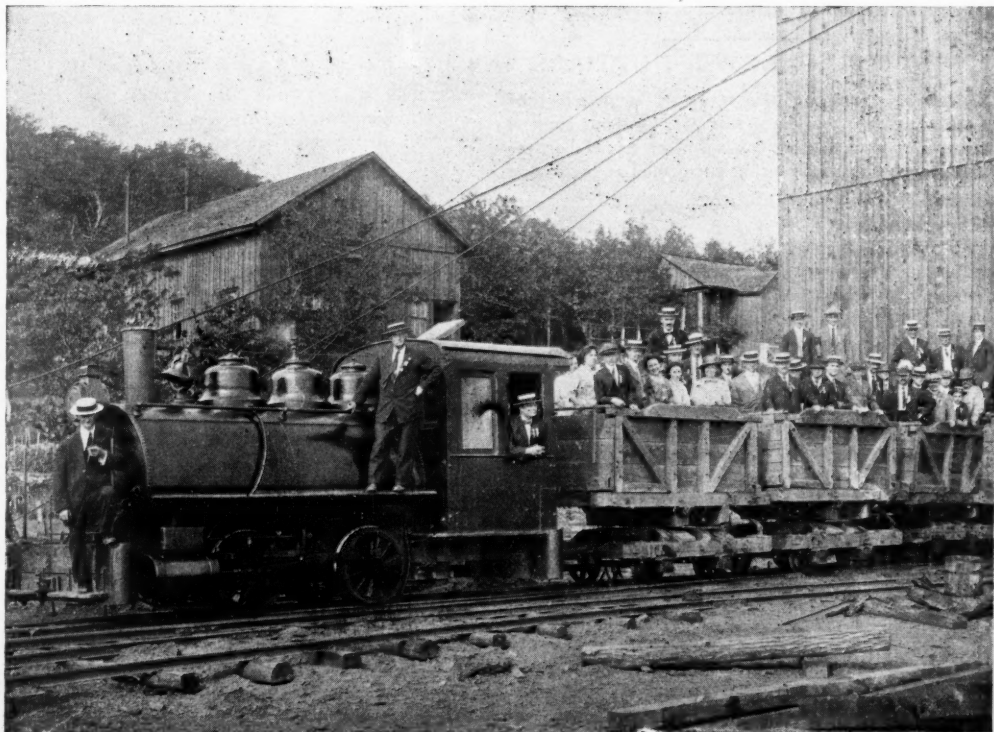
"We point with pride, that with and in all our experience as committing magistrate, we have yet the first one of your people to be brought before us for violating any of the laws governing the Shamokin municipality. This of itself is a most remarkable statement to make, yet it is nevertheless true, and our experience covers a long period of years. Our personal relations have always been of a very friendly nature, and as citizens, we acknowledge them to be of the highest order in deportment and all else that is required of true American citizens.

"In extending to your worthy society the freedom of our city, we hope you will find nothing to mar the pleasure of your coming among us; that you will enjoy yourselves to the full measure. Our earnest wish is that your work here will meet with all your expectations and when leaving you will take with you none but pleasant thoughts, and ever after have only fond recollections of the good time you had while here with us."

Secretary Ziegler made the response to the address of welcome. Much routine business followed, such as the reading of the minutes of the Wilkes-Barre Convention, reports of the Board of Managers, Board of Trustees, and of the Treasurer, and appointment of the working committees of the conventions.

Thursday afternoon was spent in sight-seeing about the town. The Local Committee had first proposed a visit to the large new State Hospital in the town, but the visiting members balked at such a gloomy proposition and it was dropped. The next proposition was a visit to the Cameron Colliery which skirts the town on the northern side. It is one of the largest collieries in Pennsylvania and its culm bank is said to be the highest in the world, the height being 1200 feet. It is certainly an unusual sight.

The privilege to mount the top of this mammoth pile of black dirt was rarely accorded to the members of any other visiting organization, and no one knows why the deaf were favored in this instance, unless it be that Mr. Haas, who guided the party, is known to the Company officials. Before making the ascension, however, the Company took the precaution to exact from every member of the party a release from responsibility in case of accident.



A POSE ON THE CAMERON COLLIERY'S HIGH CULM BANK

An agreement was drawn up beforehand to which every one attached his signature. The ascent was then made up two inclines in blackened cars such as the miners use. There were several ladies in the party but none appeared so timorous as one big fellow who feels steady enough on Philadelphia's level streets but loses confidence in himself on the dizzy height of a culm bank. The party posed for a photograph, which we hope to present in the *WORKER*. It may be easy to guess that a grand panoramic view was obtained from this high vantage point. The town of Shamokin, which they looked down upon, seemed like a toyland, and the people on the streets, like little creeping creatures. A thrilling sight, indeed! Although the trip was made with considerable risk, no accident happened or threatened any one; but all returned with their linens more or less soiled, and with hands and faces bearing evidence of the trip.

Thursday evening's session was a public one, when it was expected to see many faces that were not to be seen at the day sessions, but they were not very numerous. It was the time when the President of the Society delivered his annual address, to which a great deal of interest always attaches. After the meeting, a certain hearing gentleman told the interpreter that he was very much interested in the address and asked to be introduced to the President. Of course, he was accommodated. This lone compliment from a hearing person may show that, had there been many more hearing people at the meeting, the address might have aroused much interest among them; but, any way, the leading city paper thought it interesting enough to print it entire. Reports and communications were also read at this session, and a good bit of time was consumed in exposing the "impostor business." Prof. A. U. Downing related an amusing story, in which not only the man, but also the jewelry and diamonds, he sold, were impostures.

Friday morning (August 15th) was not only the last session, but the crucial time of the convention. There was perfect harmony at this and the other sessions; but the business was of a more important nature than before, and larger, too. First came the reports of the various committees, and the interest displayed in them was marked. Perhaps, the most important resolution adopted was the following:

WHEREAS, The tendency in some quarters to keep alive a spirit of bitterness in regard to the comparative merits of the different methods of educating the deaf of the State can only result in harm to the deaf themselves and the methods thus advocated; therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of this body that the wisest course to pursue would be to leave the question of method to those in close touch with the work—the principals, teachers and directors of the various institutions, feeling sure that they are actuated by the best motives, and that they will do as far as they are free to use their own judgment in the matter, what in their experience has proved to be the best thing for the boys and girls under their care; and be it

Resolved, That we discountenance all efforts to stir up arguments and debates on the subject.

The very spirit of the resolution—conservatism, neutrality and tolerance, ought to commend it to all fair-minded persons. It is not a challenge to either side of the controversy going on, but at best only a gentle protest at unwise agitation on both sides. Underneath the resolution lies a deep desire to preserve the harmony and unity of the Society, upon which hinges its chief value.

The members of the Board of Managers whose terms expired at this meeting were all re-elected for another term; they were J. S. Reider, Chas. Partington, and Reverends C. O. Dantzer and F. C. Smielau. The election of officers of the Society resulted as follows:—President, James S. Reider; First Vice President, Rev. F. C. Smielau; Second Vice President, F. A. Leitner; Secretary, R. M. Ziegler; Treasurer, John A. Roach. Pittsburgh (everytime we spelled the name without "h" at the end, Mr. Downing protested) was chosen as the next place of meeting in 1914. Mr. A. U. Downing nominated Pittsburg in a long speech, delivered

both orally and in signs, that amused us very much. We copy a few extracts from the stenographic report.

"I come from the Smoky City. People here in the East call it Pittsburg; but in the West and around there they call it Pittsburgh—h. Now, I want you to understand that the "h" must go on there, because the State Legislature passed a law about that, and it is down. That is the law. * * * Many of you have a wrong idea about Pittsburgh. You always think that when you come there you see just smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke every where. If you go to Pittsburgh next summer, you will be surprised. Pittsburgh is not as dirty and smoky as it used to be at all. * * * there is one place that is very interesting—the finest baseball field in the world, I think. The finest in the world. Of course, Mr. Breen, of Philadelphia, thinks Shibe Park; but Shibe Park looks like a one-horse circus compared with Forbes Field. * * and you can have a good chance to go in a body and visit the home of the "57 Varieties." Do you know what that is? Heinz's pickle factory—a fine place, large place; and they will be glad to invite you all to go there and visit and will give you a free range to go over there—give you a free lunch, entertain you fine; they are very nice people; and more than that, if you can go over there, I think they will get you all together on the front steps of their large and pretty building there, and take your picture; and then, after it is all over, they will send pictures to you, free. There are large hearts in Pittsburgh—large hearts." Great applause greeted this speech. We predict a record attendance at the Pittsburgh meeting on account of it; but there is also the likelihood that there will be more in attendance at the pickle factory than at the convention.

The convention finished its work shortly before the noon hour on Friday. It was not such a great affair as some other of our conventions have been, but, nevertheless, a good one. There was more time and opportunity for sociality at this convention, and so it can be truthfully said that it was both profitable and enjoyable.

Immediately after adjournment, Photographer Partington got the people to assemble in front of the building—High School Building, and took a group picture, which we expect to have reproduced in the *WORKER* in this issue.

Next month we may have a little more to say about the social side of the Convention.

WALHBERG--LEWIS NUPTIALS

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Anna U. Wahlberg and Mr. Ormond Eugene Lewis, both of New York City, on September the twelfth, the ceremony being performed at high noon



MR. AND MRS. ORMOND E. LEWIS

at the country house of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lewis, at White Plains, and being followed by a wedding breakfast.

The Rev. Mr. Wm. A. Kirkwood of the Broadway Tabernacle was the officiating clergyman. After a short wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis returned to New York where they are at home at West 116th Street and Morningside Drive. The bride's wedding gown was of white charmeuse, enriched with pearls and real laces.

The wedding was of much interest to a large circle of friends in New York society and came as a great surprise to hundreds of friends who knew of the bride's signal success as manager of the New York office of the Harper Oraphone Company, manufacturers of instruments for the deaf, she having been in entire charge of this branch office for several years. Her demonstrations there and at the Woman's Industrial Exhibition having brought her in touch with an unusually large circle, who, like herself, had a new world opened to them through the use of the Harper Oraphone. Personally, Mrs. Lewis is a woman of great charm, and her adjustment to society is so splendid that her deafness is a minimum annoyance. Any man would be proud to win a woman who has attained such a degree of highest usefulness.

It was through his personal tests of the Oraphone, in which he was naturally much interested, having been deaf since childhood, that Mr. Lewis first met his bride, a little more than a year ago. He is a mechanical draughtsman, having held a valued position for nearly twenty years with a well known firm of civil engineers. Above the rushing traffic of Madison Square, the Metropolitan Tower thrusts its head 750 feet into the blue atmosphere. A portion of this structure was planned by the clever hand of Mr. Lewis, who possesses in addition to his artistic and business talents, a most attractive personality.

Congratulations have been extended Mr. and Mrs. Lewis from friends in many sections of the country, and none have been more sincere than those expressed by their friends in the great family of the deaf.

MISS L. M. BENNIS,

NEW YORK CITY.

To Our Boys

Boys, there is one great fact that many of you forget, or fail to understand. That is that you are in school for your own good and for your country's. You and country will both be losers if you fail to make the most of your opportunities. You are having your chance now to make yourselves into something worth while. Don't miss your chance. Don't think that you are cheating the teacher if you can manage to slight your work without being caught. That cheats only yourself. Every day wasted now, every duty shirked, must be paid for by you at a heavy price later.

The teacher is there to help you make a useful and successful man of yourself. Don't make his work harder; try to make it easier. Your good teacher is your best friend. Every man knows this when he has grown up; the sensible boy should realize it now, before it is too late to obtain the benefit of a good teacher's help.

Just try, boys, girls, too, to see how well you can co-operate with the teacher this term, and how you can help, not hinder, the school work. You will enjoy your school work and get more good out of it. —Current Events.

ATLANTIC CITY MAN VISITS STAR AND WAVE

I. J. Walters, a mute, paid the *Star* and *Wave* a visit Thursday. Walters is a rather remarkable case, inasmuch as he is a linotype operator on the *Atlantic City Globe* and also worked in the *Atlantic City Review*, and had charge of a Chester, Pa., paper and 6 linotype machines.

Mr. Walters got off to take advantage of a dollar excursion which ran from Atlantic to Cape May.



By Alexander L. Pach, 570 Fifth Ave, New York

CLEVELAND CONVENTION CONTINUED

HERE were a great many that did not go out on the steamer Eastland for the lake ride by moonlight, and this I judge was due in part, to the fact that a great many did not locate the pier. A bunch with an Ohio man in our party first landed on the Detroit steamer, and when we found our error we hustled down in darkness to another ship, only to find it was the Buffalo steamer. The third guess proved right, but it was some job, believe me, in the darkness of the lake front at the landings. The Sixth City ought to improve the steamer landings and tear down the Lake Shore depot.

That capital writer, Harry White of Arizona and Boston, has been aftermathing the Convention in such great style that there isn't near as much for others to comment on as usual after a convention.

I had a two hours' confab with the great Coloradoan, George William Veditz, on picnic day. We went out to Luna Park at dusk, only to find everybody gone, so we journeyed back to town again and dined, just the two of us at Weber's. After talking about many other things Uncle George turned to chickens, and told me more than I ever dreamed of, about raising; the breeds; exhibitions; care of plants, etc., etc. By the time he was two-thirds through his discourse we were seated at our dinner table, and I wanted to make a bet with myself that Uncle George would order anything on the Menu but chicken. Luckily I did not bet, for he *did* order chicken, and said it was mighty good too.

There was vast difference in the quality of the pictures shown on Moving Picture night over at Lakewood. By the way, I am glad I went to Lakewood, because my good friends, Allabough Ayers and Koelle live there, but we went in the darkness of the night and saw nothing of the place. The pictures and fare cost, for the 500 people that went, over \$175.00 and an evening's time. I

wonder why they could not have been shown at the Hollenden as part of an evening's entertainment. Only the now famous New York Institution films were of first quality moving pictures. Next best was the MacGregor film, which I think the operator ran off too slow, and while Prof. Jones in the Fanwood Film shows self-possession, Prof. MacGregor looked as if he had a bad attack of stage fright. But the pictured Mac on the film wasn't the very live Mac that sat near by me.

The Dr. Gallaudet film is a most valuable possession to the N. A. D., and next best in quality after the Fanwood film, but the background used detracts from the interest in the story of the trip to the Lorna Doone country.

Dr. Smith chose his story (escape of Abbe Sicard) most unwisely, for it is in no sense important, nor does it admit of skilful handling in the sign-language, and most important of all, conveys no hint of Dr. Smith's wonderful ability as an orator. The real Dr. J. L. Smith is a dynamo when in activity on the rostrum, but the film Smith is very raw.

For weeks after the Convention I was one of a great number of interested students in Pathe Weekly programmes. I wanted to see the film of the exercises at Garfield's tomb, on Sunday afternoon—Mr. Donnelly, Mr. Hodgson. Fathers Moeller and McCarthy, as well as the speakers, Prof. Hubbard and Mrs. Bates, were the central figures in several hundred feet of film that was reeled off in front of us, but Pathe did not get the feature, and I have been unable to learn the fate of the film, though I do know that filming is uncertain, for on the roof of the Hollenden, I saw Mr. Hodgson tell the story of the founding of the N. A. D., and when the operator came back after changing the film, an hour had elapsed. By the way, the operator announced that film had not reeled properly, so the Washington Film maker took the place of the embarrassed Chicago expert. (The N. A. D. had two photographers in attendance) but by this time three hours had gone by and Mr. Hodgson and myself went out of the roof garden business about this time, so the story Mr. Hodgson told will have to be told over again.

There were amateur attempts by Mr. Regensburg shown that were not so very bad, and in time he may become an expert. I have no criticism to offer on the management of the Moving picture fund, but when they pay one person \$75.00 as allowance for a railroad trip to a distant city. I think it extravagant, particularly when there are good photographers in all the big cities who can do the work. At any rate there does not seem to have been good judgment used in paying a man's expenses almost across the continent when the work could have been done within two hours of his

home. And worse, the pictures were a failure, though another attempt was made at Cleveland.

President Howard's campaign against impostors had a fitting climax. His last capture was right in Cleveland, within a few blocks of the convention hall, and the fakir made the bad break of appealing to Jay Cooke himself, who, accompanied by a dozen other deaf people, had just left the American Hotel where the Frats' big night had been celebrated and all hands signing as they walked. The fakir really knew something of signs for he confessed he had a deaf brother.

The growth of the National Fraternal Association of the Deaf can be gauged by the fact that at Colorado, we were only a handful, and in three years we grew so that the Frat button was the most conspicuous emblem at Cleveland. Among some who took part in the Cleveland big night were such "prominents" as Hanson, Hodgson, Long, Howard, Sanders, Long, Veditz, Keiser, and many others, who, three years ago, had no idea of joining.

The Frats held their big jubilee in the dining room of the American Hotel. In a vast hollow square were seated eighty brothers, when the procession of Grand Officers entered with the Grand Secretary and the President of Brooklyn Division in the lead, followed by all the Grand Officers except Vice-President Davis, who had been called home on account of Mrs. Davis's illness. Other high officials came, and then were initiated fourteen new members. The ritual demonstrated at Columbus a year ago was used, and all the brothers pronounced it the most thrillingly impressive ceremonial they had ever witnessed. After the ceremony there were refreshments and speeches and jollification until mid-night.

A recent writer in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* suggests that all Frats become members of the N. A. D. I think this is putting the wagon before the horse. The Frats have a cash capital of over \$40,000 where the N. A. D. hasn't one thousand. The Frats have 1500 members, while the N. A. D. has only considerably less than half that number. As a matter of fact, there is no reason in the world why all the members of the National Association who can pass the N. F. S. D. requirements, should not join. Of course the Frats have no provision for women members, but in time, that may come too.

Perhaps it is an old idea, but it was new to me. At the Hollenden Hotel guests are not liable to go away and leave things in their room forgotten, as there is a bronze plate by the door, that prevents. It reads:

Stop.
Haven't you forgotten something!



TENTH CONVENTION OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF, CLEVELAND, OHIO, AUGUST 20-27, 1913, AT COURT HOUSE.
Photo. by A. L. Pach and Miller, of Cleveland, Ohio.

The two letters, that follow explain themselves:

FOREST HILL,
CLEVELAND, OHIO, Oct. 10, 1913

MY DEAR MR. PACH:—Answering yours of the 8th, I note the article in the SILENT WORKER states that "Mr. Rockefeller never got a chance to know his fellow men before," etc. With reference to this, from his earliest childhood, Mr. Rockefeller has been actively and earnestly related to all good works though this has not been the part that the newspapers have sought to present to the public.

Perhaps if you had been a little kinder to the poor "secretaries" whom you "roast" a little in your article we might have been able to tell you that the ladies in Mr. Rockefeller's party was not the Misses McCormick of Chicago, but Mr. Rockefeller's granddaughter, Miss Margaret Strong and her governess.

Mr. Rockefeller is appreciative of your kindness in sending the article referred to.

Very truly yours,

HARRY D. SIMS,
Secretary.

October 13, 1913.

MR. HARRY D. SIMS,
Forest Hill,
Cleveland, Ohio.

MY DEAR MR. SIMS:—I have to thank you for your kind letter of October 10th.

It was the farthest possible idea in my mind to do injustice to Mr. Rockefeller, or "secretaries." I have been a secretary, and I have had secretaries, so I can appreciate, to the fullest, any phase of secretarial labor.

But was it not literally true, that Mr. Rockefeller's little visit from his Deaf guests was the first time he had ever mingled freely with a body of workingmen and women?

I had no intention of being unjust, for I know the necessity of a public man, particularly such a pre-eminently public man as Mr. Rockefeller keeping aloof from the ordinary public—the thoughtless public among whom there are always dangerous cranks, murderous anarchists, and brainless fools who would be a menace, so I know the necessity of properly safeguarding the life and person of a man of Mr. Rockefeller's importance and promi-

nence, and it was this knowledge that prompted me to mention that prior to August 25th, he had not mingled, and therefore not known, at first hand, contact with his fellowmen.

To be sure he has met his fellow Directors of his great corporations and his Church associates, but I would hardly include these in the term "fellowmen" as it is generally understood.

Of course Mr. Rockefeller's wonderful benefactions have bestowed education, enlightenment and general betterment on countless thousands of his fellowmen and it would have been a physical impossibility for one man to have accomplished all the good Mr. Rockefeller has, without secretaries, confidantes, etc., and this knowledge on my part encouraged me to use the language I did.

The Cleveland papers were at fault in the matter of the identity of the young ladies in the group with Mr. Rockefeller. I shall take much pleasure in correcting my error in our next issue. Asking your pardon for any seeming shortcoming in my article and Mr. Rockefeller's indulgence if I have unwittingly made statements at variance with the literal truth, I am, with assurances of high regard,
Yours sincerely,

ALEX. L. PACH.

The time of a convention is so precious that as a matter of simple justice to those who have spent large sums of money to be present and help along the good work, there should be a rule that no papers be read or printed with the proceedings from any one not present at the meeting. Of course there might be exceptions in the case of a paper treating of some new, useful or helpful measure, but where a paper is merely a rehash of things often worked off before, I cannot see any excuse for taking up the time of several hundred men and women in order, merely, to advertise some person who takes that method of advertising himself.

Because I find myself greatly in need of its helpful features, I have been investigating the Gray Telautograph with a view of having it installed in my business office. I first became interested in this

wonderful device at the Pan American Fair at Buffalo when it was a brand new thing. Today it is in very general use in banks, railroad terminals, and seems to be destined to be of utilitarian value second only to the telephone. Where deaf men labor it offers advantages that make the deaf-man of greater help than ever. Of course one may talk over the phone to a deaf person through an interpreter, but this is slow, uncertain and often makes error possible.

The Telautograph is surer than the telephone, because, as every word of a message is written, there is no element of the uncertain possible. I find that a single telautograph costs but \$50.00 per year for rental of the necessary instruments, and cost of installation, which is about \$10 for a pair of instruments—that is, transmitter and receiver, where they are in one building, or buildings not far apart, that is direct lines between any number of stations, and simultaneous distribution of messages to any number of stations.

I should think that the Telautograph would prove a boon to the head of a School for the Deaf, particularly where there were heads of departments who were deaf. The instruments are never out of service. If you call a man on the telephone, and he isn't in, your time is wasted and you must call again, but when you put your message on the Telautograph, the person you intend it for finds it there when he returns. Orders given by telautograph cannot be misconstrued for they are all written out. If Editor Walker had this service installed in the Trenton School he could write his editorials from his desk, and Publisher Porter could take the copy direct from the receiver without their even seeing each other or having any visible communication. And a dollar a week make this boon possible to hearing men and their deaf subordinates. What school for the Deaf will be first?

ALEX. L. PACH.

PUBLIC OPINION

BY J. H. CLOUD

DR. N. F. WALKER, Superintendent of the South Carolina School for the Deaf, has three sons following in his footsteps—worthy sons of a worthy sire—who stand high in the profession. The following clipping, taken from the *Florida School Herald*, is from the pen of the editor, Prof. A. H. Walker, head of the Florida School.

It is well known throughout the profession that the Walkers are staunch friends of the sign-language. Being reared among the deaf, they acquired the sign-language to such a degree that any one would take any of them for a deaf man. It is always a delight to get in conversation with any of them. They make "faces" as they make signs just as a deaf man does. When they talk with the deaf, they forget that they are hearing. Their thorough knowledge of the ways of the deaf make them most delightful entertainers. At several of the meetings of the Convention of the American Instructors of the Deaf, the Walker brothers were frequently called to act as interpreters to the deaf and their parts were always lauded. At our March teachers' meeting we had the pleasure of having Dr. Walker, of South Carolina, with us, and he spoke very feelingly in regard to the sign-language and its value outside the school-room.

While the Walkers are friends of the sign-language, they are unreservedly opposed to its use in the school-room, or as a method of teaching the deaf. They have always insisted on this platform: English everywhere, spoken preferred, spelled accepted, sign in chapel, society, and social gatherings.

Commenting on the above, Prof. W. L. Walker, editor of the *Palmetto Leaf* and principal of the South Carolina School, has the following to say:

That is not only the Walker platform but it is the platform of eighty percent of the educators of the deaf and ninety-nine percent of the educated deaf. That platform that we have worked so long for will be endorsed at no far distant date by all gatherings that have the best interests of the deaf at heart. No man can offer a reasonable argument against it.

When the other twenty and one per cent are



JAY COOKE HOWARD
President N. A. D.
Minnesota

brought around to the Walker view point of the sign-language the war of methods will cease.

In looking over the annual list of new students admitted to Gallaudet College one cannot help being

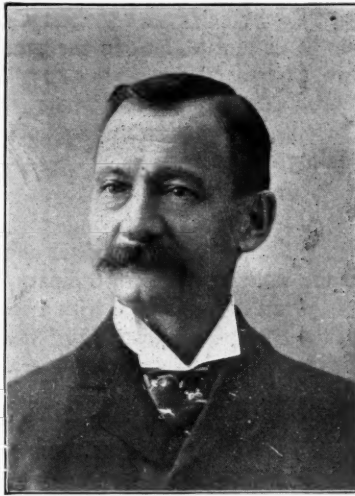
impressed by the fact that the students hail mainly from schools having deaf principals or ranking teachers themselves graduates of Gallaudet. The remote state of Washington leads all others for new admissions to Gallaudet this fall. The little school at Vancouver with an enrollment of about 120 sent seven new students six of whom were admitted without conditions. This is a record of which a school five times as large might well be proud. Quite a few of the larger schools sent no graduates to Gallaudet this fall, nor last fall nor the preceeding fall and will probably send none next fall nor the fall to come—all because there is little if any enthusiasm for the higher education of the deaf among the ranking teachers of these schools—which is a calamity.

Last summer we met a prominent member of the teaching profession who a short time previous had attended the closing exercises at the Clark School for the Deaf at Northampton—the ultra oral school of the country. Our friend told us that members of the graduating class took no part in the program aside from receiving their diplomas and that Miss Yale, the principal, upon being asked why none of the pupils had participated in the closing exercises—as they invariably do at combined system schools—had replied: "A school for the deaf is a hospital. I do not approve of putting cripples on exhibition."

The tenth triennial Convention of the National Association for the Advancement of the Deaf, which convened at Cleveland last August 20-27, was pre-eminently a business convention. The editor of *The Annals* condensed a world of truth into one brief sentence when he said that "The proceedings were harmonious." The new records for the N. A. D. which were made a Cleveland were those for har-



MRS. ANNA LASHBROOK
Second Vice President
New York



A. B. GREENER
First Vice President N. A. D.
Ohio



A. L. ROBERTS
Secretary N. A. D.
Kansas

mony and for the volume and far-reaching importance of the business transacted. The proceedings as a whole were a splendid endorsement of the practical business efficiency of the Hanson administration.

The October *Ephpheta* has some interesting "Echoes of the Cleveland Convention," of which the following is one:

"When Father McCarthy nominated Mrs. Eickhoff as a Catholic member of the Board, she received the generous vote of 132 though defeated by Mrs. Lashbrook who is more widely known."

If Father McCarthy nominated Mrs. Eickhoff "as a Catholic member of the Board" we do not recall his having so stated in his nominating speech. What the N. A. D. has always aimed to have, and what it succeeded in getting at Cleveland, is a Board broadly representative of the whole country. The offices accordingly went to Minnesota for the North, to South Carolina for the South, to New York for the East, to Ohio for the Mid-West, to Kansas for the trans-Mississippi, to California for the far West and to the District of Columbia which may be taken as representative of the territorial possessions of the U. S. Mrs. Lashbrook was hardly as widely known as Mrs. Eickhoff in the Mid-West section where the convention was held, but was elected rather because that section already had a representative on the Board—in the office of first vice-president.

The N. A. D. is a secular organization with secular aims and has nothing to do with a member's religious affiliations in determining his or her qualifications for any office. The officials for whom we voted at Cleveland were elected but we do not know and

are not concerned about their religious affiliations. Sufficient be it that they are qualified and representative of the broad sectional divisions of the country.

The way Mr. Veditz and Rev. Mr. Cloud took the affairs of the convention into their hands, was a matter of wonder to the rest. They sat in the front row and never took their eyes off the platform and were always ready with a motion, an amendment or an interminable discussion on every conceivable subject. One would think the association needed their guiding hands and would fall to pieces if they were not there to see that the wheels went around.

The above clipping is taken from the interesting write-up of the Cleveland Convention by "Free

tioned by Mr. White figure rather prominently in the proceedings it will also be found that they worked for measures which were finally approved by the Convention. At any rate they displayed greater agility in keeping out of the way of the steam roller than did Mr. White.

Not long ago we had occasion to spend a Sunday at the Iowa School for the Deaf at Council Bluffs and observed the use of a "Chapel Service Book" compiled especially for the pupils. The book contains, in orderly arrangement, well selected and well proportioned devotional exercises, with responsive parts, calculated to give variety and add interest to the Sunday chapel service at the School and help familiarize the deaf with the trend and significance of public worship. The book is well adapted for use in either combined, oral or manual method schools.

At least one impostor came to grief while trying to steal a march on Chief Howard while the latter was away attending the Cleveland Convention. The following is from a local daily paper:

KANSAS CITY, Mo., August 29.—A slit skirt "restored" the sight of M. J. McCarty, released from the Municipal Farm yesterday, and sent him back up the farm for 100 days to-day.

With his eyes starting fixedly before him and a decided limp, McCarty tipped his way uncertainly across the floor of an electric company with a large "deaf, dumb and blind" sign swinging from his neck this afternoon.

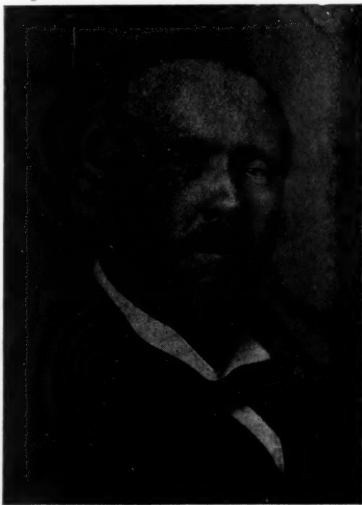
J. W. West, clerk at the electric company, gave McCarty a dime after reading a heart-touching story printed on a card handed him by McCarty. As the "infirm" beggar passed into the street from the

(Continued on page 35)



PROF. A. H. WALKER
President Florida School for the Deaf

Lance" in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*. The rejuvenated Arizona Kicker could hardly be expected to appreciate the reason for the fact which he so cleverly notes. He had absented himself from the conventions of the N. A. D. as long as the irresponsible Rip had remained away from the cottage of Dame Van Winkle. In the meantime things had been happening which gave more or less color to subsequent proceeding. These, however, need not be elucidated here. We were on the Committee on Program. The duty of acting as the "mouthpiece" or "floor manager" for the Committee had been assigned us. We reported for the Committee, supported the program, and co-operated in all possible ways with the chairman in the difficult task of getting the program finished before final adjournment—which was done. If it is found that the names of the gentlemen men-



DR. N. F. WALKER
Superintendent South Carolina School for the Deaf



PROF. W. L. WALKER
Principal South Carolina School for the Deaf



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JOHN P. WALKER, M. A., Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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That Good May Come

It has been but a little while since it was announced that baby Don Jaime of Spain was totally deaf. The Queen mother had scarce become reconciled to the little one's deprivation, when the fact was ascertained that her second daughter, Maria Christina, also, was without hearing. The news of the double affliction has spread throughout the kingdom and the result has been widespread inquiry into the causes and character of the condition, as to what may be done to prevent and alleviate it, and how the education of such children may best be carried on. The queen, as might be expected, has taken the greatest interest, even going so far as to send special emissaries to this country to see how the training of deaf children is carried on here; and the immediate future, doubtless, will bring new schools, better methods, and better conditions for the deaf throughout the land.

Our Nova Novgorod

We have heard much of Nova Novgorod and its fair and seen them pictured from every angle. We can understand what an attraction it is to the rich and poor thereabouts, can see why the peasantry save their pennies for a year to deposit there a single day, and can understand the pride of the promoters who present the annual feast to the eyes of the crowds whose good fortune it is to be able to attend; but, in all candor we do not think this great yearly show can possibly have anything on our own splendid Inter-State. Its blooded stock, its splendid farm-machinery, its paintings, embroideries, and rare old china; its booths, bazaars, and side-shows, its thrilling automobile and horse races, and its five hours of the highest class vaudeville make it almost beyond compare. Every year finds it improved and every year adds to its crowds; but the crowd is never

so great that Col. Mahlon Margeum can not make a place for our school. The gates are always open to us and a block in the grandstand is always ours, and the happiest, healthiest, most profitable day of the whole year to us is the one we spend with the Colonel out at the fair grounds.

The World at Our Door

OUR weekly moving picture lecture on Saturday was one of rather more than ordinary interest. It opened with a score of views of the coal-mining districts of Pennsylvania which gave the children a complete idea of how coal was mined, broken into suitable sizes and brought to market. These views were followed by a study of caterpillars, cucoons and moths with especial reference to the Deaths Head Moth and Ephemera showing every stage of the process of evolution from the overum to the fully developed moth. In connection with these were given the life and habits of the Titmouse showing its method of getting its food, its nest, its numerous brood and the flight of the fledglings. After these came more natural history in the way of trawling for cod-fish. The whole process of casting the net, making the haul, cleaning the fish and delivering them at their market was beautifully pictured, the marine views being particularly fine. Following these was an outline of the whole sponge industry. In geography we had the islands north of Japan and the manners and customs of the hairy Ainus of Japan, showing these curious people in their homes, at their works and navigating the waterways between their island homes. Then we came back to the capital of our country and had a splendid look at all its fine buildings, monuments and streets. Nor did we fail to add our usual story and "Rastus and his Elephant" kept the children convulsed for a half hour. The whole was preceded by the usual half hour talk of the superintendent, paving the way for a full understanding by the children of what followed. As a means of development of the minds of our little folks we are finding our machine a wonderful help.

Know Some Trade

A beautiful girl, yet in her teens, who went to New York City, in the early fall, to make her fortune, met with failure everywhere. Her slender store was soon exhausted, and, preferring death to dishonor, she took poison thinking to end it all. But prompt medical assistance, careful nursing, and a good constitution pulled her through and she is back, again seeking a solution for the enigma of life. To the good woman who has befriended her, she said on Friday:

"I expect that in this struggle for existence I will be handicapped because, while I was going to school, I did not learn a single thing that would be of use to me now. They didn't teach me how to sew or to do any other kind of work. Any one of New York's great army of poor girls has a better chance of earning a living than I have, with my fashionable education."

"Here is a little advice I would like to give to the girl who is thinking of coming to New York to earn her living:

Know some trade.

Certainly good advice. Whether she is going to New York or to some little country town; wherever she is going, she will find the trade a good thing, and she cannot get it too soon. She may at any time, by some untoward circumstance, be thrown on her own resources, and it then will be a great comfort to her, to know that she can do something well enough to keep the wolf from the door.

Our little girls are taught a trade with the same care that our little boys are, and no little girl that has taken proper advantage of her opportunities ever leaves us without the ability to do some kind of work well enough to insure her a good living.

The Tenth Conference

THE heat at Indianapolis from the twenty-seventh day of June to the second day of July last was something intense, but the Superintendents and Principals stood by their guns, and the convention was one from beginning to end, full of good suggestion. There was a splendid paper on the "Status of Schools for the Deaf" by C. A. Fay, of Washington, one on "The Compulsory Education of the Deaf" by J. N. Tate, of Minnesota, one on "School Hours, Academic and Industrial" by Dr. Crouter, of Philadelphia, one on "The College" by President Hall, of Washington, one on "Curriculum and Texts" by F. M. Driggs, of Utah, one on the "Training of Teachers" by E. M. Walker, of Wisconsin, one on "Grading, Examinations, and Promotion" by F. W. Booth, of Nebraska, one on "Industrial Training" by S. T. Walker of Missouri, one on "Day Schools" by E. D. Tillinghast of Oregon, one on "Dr. Montessori and her Method" by Mrs. Margulies of New York, and address on "Post-graduates" and "The Moving Picture" by our own superintendent. All of these subjects were fully discussed, and many other questions that arose from time to time were thoroughly threshed out. The entertainment afforded by Mr. and Mrs. Johnson was of the finest, and every one who attended brought away much food for thought and pleasant memories.

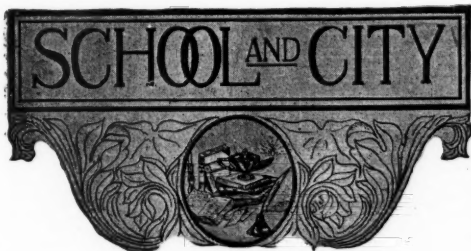
THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass.
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did
But always you yourself you hid,
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

—Stevenson.



Leaves everywhere.

The new linotype is a No. 8.

What has become of all our birds?

Our Harvest Moon was a beauty.

The shortest days are approaching.

Our new booklet is going to be fine.

The girls marked 3380 pieces last month.

Our new home-made bread is certainly fine.

But little more than a month until Christmas.

Theresa Pappers sings herself to sleep every night.

Lily Hamilton spent the evening with us on Monday.

We have a large contingent from Paterson, this fall.

The boys are greatly pleased with their steel lockers.

We are growing so fast that a new teacher soon will be needed.

The pupils in the upper divisions are getting to be great readers.

Seven fine young trees were planted on our grounds last week.

The Concord grapes we had for supper, on Thursday, were delicious.

Twenty fine large quartered oak tables are among our new belongings.

Everett Dunn and Frank Hoppaugh have been chums for eight years.

Miss Mary Harris is a frequent visitor and one that is always welcome.

We never had a nicer lot of beginners than those who have arrived this fall.

Clara Teuber's mother was a caller last week, as were also Mr. and Mrs. Piascaske.

The Piascaske boys are fine little fellows, and have taken most kindly to school life.

Few of us knew the extent of the cocoa industry until we saw it pictured on our screen.

Nearly a hundred juvenile books were added to the boys' and girls' libraries last month.

Our enrollment of boys will reach 100 in a few days, a number that we have never had before.

Our exchanges are all with us again, and we are all glad to see their familiar pages once more.

Esther Woelper feels that she is quite a young lady now that she has passed her tenth birthday.

Has Jimmy Squirrel gone to more congenial surroundings, or has some hoodlum got him at last?

Mr. Eldon has a large clientele among the Slavs, Polaks and Hungarians over in the eleventh ward.

Charles Dobbins got what he calls a "classy cap," while out shopping with his father the other day.

Mr. Porter is taking lots of new photographs. He will take the school-group some day next week.

George Bedford reports that he has a good position. George is a fine boy and is bound to do well.

Tuesday was Ruth Ramshaw's birthday. She was pleasantly remembered by a number of her friends.

The darning and patching done by Miss Smyth's classes in Scientific Repairing are especially artistic.

Charles Durling, Paul Reed, and Charles Dobbins took a run to Princeton on their wheels, last Saturday.

One will have to go a long way to find a better industrial department in a school for the deaf than ours.

When the electric lights are turned on over in the Boys' Building it looks, from the street, like a fairy palace.

While Mr. Walker was in Philadelphia looking for films on Friday, he met Marion Bausman's papa and mamma.

Miss Emily Burk has just returned from a trip to Niagara Falls, where she and her father spent several days.

The little sermonette on "Thy will be done" in chapel, on Sunday morning was an especially interesting one.

Mrs. Johnson substituted a couple of days last week and we were all greatly pleased to have her with us again.

Johnny MacNee says he hopes that Santa Claus will give him a new pair of trousers next Christmas. We trust that this will come to Santa's notice.

The wind makes an Eolian harp of the chandelier in the centre of the Administration Hall these November days.

We have a number of applications for places in our new bakery. One little girl says that she would like to learn the trade.

There is some little talk among our friends of giving our little girls an auto ride one of these days. What a treat it would be!

Our Thanksgiving Day is being looked forward to with high hopes by the boys and girls. Already the menu for dinner is being arranged.

A sore foot has interfered quite a bit with the happiness of Andrew McClay, during the past two weeks. It is now however, on the mend.

The carpenter boys have just completed a large closet for Miss Rosie Stettbacher in the centre pantry. She says that it is just what she wanted.

A number of the papers printed by schools for the deaf throughout the country have been greatly improved this fall, and it is pretty hard for our pupils to decide, now, just which is the best.

The balusters of our new building were rather low, and we have had them supplemented with wire screen-work making them about two feet higher.

News of the death of Isaac Lowe's mother reached us last week. We all remember Mrs. Lowe very well, and are very sorry to hear of Isaac's loss.

Anastasia Schultz, Henri Coene, and Irving Hoberman are our most recent newcomers. They all arrived on Monday, and already are quite at home.

The lower hall of the west wing of the girls' building is to be fitted up as a kindergarten gymnasium and play-room and the upper one as a museum.

Our teams have begun practice in our basket-ball court. We have some excellent material and expect to have a five that will hold its own with any of them before long.

Oreste Palmieri is fine with the juniors. He sets them a good example and helps them in every way. On the whole he is one of the best monitors we have ever had.

The concrete walk to the Infirmary fills a long-felt want. It and the walk to the new hall are the work of Mr. Edmund Burk, a brother of City Commissioner Burk.

Our third moving picture lecture was given on Saturday evening. The educationalists had a couple of stories tacked on to them but the little ones did not object to that a bit.

The monitors were invited to attend the "Chicken Salad and Fried Oyster Supper" at the church opposite on Wednesday evening, and, it is needless to say, they had a good time.

Political feeling is running high in both halls, just at present with the vote much divided. A half dozen of our boys even think that the socialist candidate, Mr. Reilly, is going to win.

The boys were greatly impressed with Miss Tilson's temperance talk on Friday morning and, almost to a boy, went to their school-rooms resolved never to touch intoxicating liquors.

Roy Townsend and his wife were visitors on Saturday and Sunday, dining with us on Saturday and attending the chapel exercise on Sunday, and their visit was a genuine pleasure to all of us.

Mary Sommers, Clema Meleg and Mrs. Tobin paid a visit to Mabel Snowden on Sunday. They had a most pleasant time with Mabel and greatly enjoyed the beautiful ride up on the trolley.

The most pleasing piece of news in the letter that Harriet Alexander received from her sister on Thursday was that the horse belonging to her friend James Hannah took first prize at the horse-show.

When Mr. Newcomb appeared on the screen, Saturday evening, he received a hearty round of applause. The little folks evidently appreciate how much of the success of their entertainments is due to him.

A dozen of our boys attended a Socialist lecture, one evening last week. Paul Reed chaperoned them and was able to understand the speaker well enough to translate much that was said to the rest of the party.

Mr. Burtus Carson who has been in charge of our bakery department during the past month has passed the examination of the Civil Service Department with a high average and will be given a full three months trial.

Letters from Erwin Hermann and Anthony Zachman advise us that the former is taking a course in Architectural Drawing and the latter is preparing for Civil Service examination. We wish them both the best of luck.

Hallowe'en has become one of the most enjoyable occasions of the year to our household. The preparation by the ladies and the provision by Mr. Newcomb were particularly fine on Friday and all enjoyed the night to the full.

The pupils were all greatly interested in Mr. Walker's description of the Indianapolis School, with its broad acreage and massive buildings, and in his account of the proceedings of the convention of superintendents that was held there in June.

No greater improvement has ever been made to our grounds than the trimming of the trees just completed by Mr. McNab. The old dead limbs were not only unsightly but dangerous as well, and the pruning has worked decided improvement in every way.

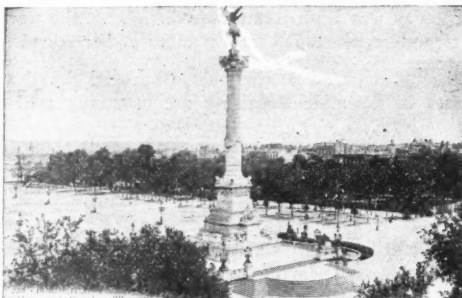
Dawes Sutton is "pleased to death" to think that the Athletics won, and says he would just love to attend the banquet in their honor at the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia. Dawes, by the way, and George Brede have furnished the best two journals of the month.

FROM THE OLD WORLD---No. 7

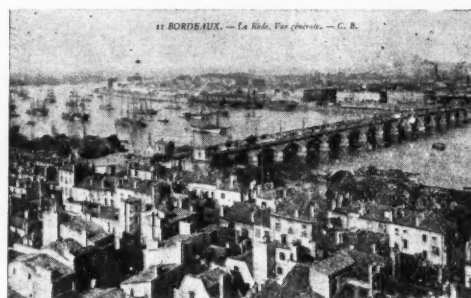
BY MDLLE. YVONNE PITROIS



THE STREETS CONVERGING TO THE GIRONDINS



THE PLACE OF THE QUINCONCES AND THE MONUMENT OF THE GIRONDINS



VIEW ON THE RIVER GARONNE

DEAR American readers, DON'T think of me any more as an inhabitant of Le Mans! We could not endure its hard climate, even for a whole winter, and for several months, we have been quite comfortably settled in a tiny house, in a quiet district of Bordeaux, the ancient chief-city of the Guyenne, the bright, lovely metropolis of South-Western France,—the fourth town of this country for its riches and population, after Paris, Marseilles and Lyons.

I am sure you will be interested to have some details about it, and to see the accompanying photographs, which give you but a feeble idea of the animation and beauty of the town. Bordeaux is like a gigantic fan, displaying itself on the bank of the river Garonne. The most picturesque walk in it is along the wharfs, so gay-looking in the radiant sunshine of the Southern summer! The river is covered with ships of all sorts, the schooners slowly gliding, their white sails spread wide, the steamers throwing in the air their clouds of smoke. These ships are coming from all the ports of France and foreign countries,—England, America, Australia, Japan, and so on. The biggest of them are obliged to anchor at Pauillac, another haven nearer the Ocean, but as much as 1,000 or 1,200 of them, of various dimensions, can easily find place here in the harbor and in the large wet-dock. Bordeaux is 96 kilometres distant from the sea, yet the tide is very strong on the river, and when the high water is coming forth, oh! it is a glorious spectacle to see all these ships dancing, their national flags and their signals of various colors,—these "signs," the dumb language of the navy,—gaily floating in the air! The sailors are climbing up the masts, the cranes moving their long arms of iron, plunge them into the lowest parts of the holds, gently take up and lay down on the wharfs the numberless chests, the ladings of coal from Cardiff, the joists from Sweden; in return they load all sorts of goods, specially tuns, tuns, tuns! There are mountains of tuns and casks on the docks, the wine of the region,—the Bordeaux wine, "clairet,"—is famous, and the traffic of it is the principal cause of the riches of the town.

Opposite the river, haughtily looking down on its ephemeral agitation, stand beautiful, noble houses of ancient times, with their fronts darkened by age, and the imposing "doors of town." Some of these doors, comparatively young,—only twice or three times centenarians,—are intended to ornament; some others, five, six or seven hundred years old, are the remnants of the fortifications of the place. The most interesting is the tower of the Big Bell. Since the date engraved on its side of bronze,—1592,—this Big Bell, the voice of the city, has only rang for the great events, happy or unhappy ones, the special blessings or the terrible mourns of Bordeaux. Some weeks ago, once more, for our National day, our Fourteenth of July, its triumphant chiming has soared above the town. I could not hear it, of course,—but I UNDERSTOOD it.

If the quays are giving the impression of riches, of activity, of fulness of life, to have an idea of



THE QUAYS AND DOCKS OF BORDEAUX



THE BIG BELL

aristocracy and grandeur, one must ascend the large staircase of stone, adorned at each side by a "colonne Rostrale," a monumental lighthouse commanding the river. On the summit spread out the immense "place des Quinconces" with its beautiful statues and its avenues of shadowy trees. There, before the great Revolution, was the "Chateau Trompette" a famous prison of state where many innocents were walled in to suffer and to die! The Revolution caused the sinister fortress to be pulled down. On its spot, little children are now laughing and playing with the sand. A grandiose monument, the most splendid of Bordeaux, is dedicated there to the memory of the Girondins. The Girondins were the deputies of the town and country of the National Assembly of Paris, during the Revolutionary period. They were very mighty and popular at one time, but, having tried to repress the bloody excess of the Government, and to establish freedom and justice, they were condemned to death and died heroically on the scaffold.

Their monument consists of a column, surmounted with a winged figure of Liberty, holding in her hands the broken chains of slavery and the palms of victory.

When the sun is setting behind the column, this ethereal figure detaches itself on to the glory of golden and purple, and seems a triumphant soul taking its flight to Heaven! At the foot of the column, two groups of bronze statues symbolize, in a mythological way, the victories of good over evil, of learning over ignorance, of peace over civil war.

They are in reservoirs of water, and, on feast days, they become springs and waterfalls, like the groups in the Versailles basins. All around the monument magnificent streets are converging, so that one may have a view of it from all parts; it is beautiful scenery indeed. Not far from there is the Theatre, another celebrated building; then the greatest and most crowded streets of Bordeaux, such as the Cours de l'Intendance, the Allées de Tourny, the Rue Ste Catherine, with their fascinating shops, nearly as brilliant as the Paris ones! In fact, Bordeaux is often named the "Paris of the South-West!"

It would need a full issue of the WORKER to describe, as they deserve to be, the Museums of Bordeaux, its public gardens, its statues, monuments, fountains, etc. I can only mention the romantic old remnants of the Gallien palace, an arena built by the Emperor Gallien in the third century, and which could seated 15,000 spectators.

The churches of Bordeaux are numerous, some of them of great historical value, and all very interesting. Two of them, the lovely Cathedral St. Andrew, and St. Michel church, have quite an extraordinary peculiarity. Their bell-towers, instead of being raised upon them, are built on the ground by their side! The first of them, the Prey-Berland tower, was erected in 1429, and the other, the St. Michel tower, as far back as 1365! This one is 109 meters high, and very strange-looking. Nobody knows exactly the reason that inspired these unique specimens of architecture.

Bordeaux has over 300,000 inhabitants, to whom must be added the numberless French and foreign sailors, travellers and visitors, persons on their way to the famous pilgrimages of Lourdes, to the mountains Pyrenees, to the seaside resorts of the Ocean, and to the wintering placés of Pau, Biarritz and Arcachon. English tourists are in the majority. Do they all know that the town, for 300 years, belonged to England? Eleonore d'Aquitaine brought it in marriage in 1154 to Henry Plantagenet, and it returned to the Kingdom of France only in 1453! There are in the city an English church, and a Sailor's Rest Home for the English and Americans.

Among all the people that mingle in Bordeaux, there is one,—MY people, that also hold a great place in the town, the deaf and dumb people. Of this, dear readers I intend to speak to you fully in my next article.

YVONNE PITROIS,

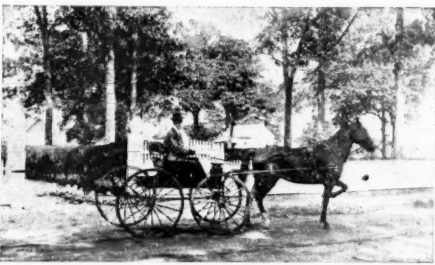
90, rue de Marseilles, Bordeaux.

In the minds of most men, the kingdom of opinion is divided into three territories,—the territory of yes, the territory of no, and a broad, unexplored! middle ground of doubt.—James A. Garfield.



By J. H. MacFarlane, Talladega, Ala.

THE N. A. D. is getting a whole lot of much-needed advertising out of its confab with the world's greatest financier at its Convention last summer. People who never knew there was an N. A. D.—not even when the Veditz-Howard debates were raising more dust than a circus—found it out by the Associated Press Report of the Rockefeller incident at Cleveland. The "movie-men," of course, were on the job, too, with the result that



W. S. JOHNSON, TALLADEGA, AND HIS 2:27 PACER

N. A. D. doings are depicted in theatres as far south as Talladega. A leading editorial in one of the big western dailies runs thus:

ARE THE DEAF BLESSED?

"You are infinitely more blessed than many, many people." This is a greeting to the deaf. The source from which it comes knows full well all material blessings. It is John D. Rockefeller.

What did Mr. Rockefeller mean? Are the sounds of life more largely disagreeable than pleasant? Are the words spoken by our fellows more largely unkind than kind? Is the sense of hearing, after all, a doubtful blessing?

We do not believe it. Nor do we think Mr. Rockefeller believes it. No wholesome philosophy of life could set aside any of the five senses.

As the eye sees much that is not lovely, so the ear must hear much that is not musical. But the world to which the ear is the key is, after all, quite as truly harmonious and beautiful as that which opens unto the eye.

Is there a thrill in a battle hymn, a searching of the heart in an anthem, a touch of homesickness for the years that can never be again in an old song, an enrichment of life in a great symphony? If there is, then even in what might be termed the artificial range of sound the sense of hearing is an undoubted blessing. And who shall measure the richness of life due to a hearing of natural sounds—the songs of the brook, the whispering of trees, the familiar voice of a friend, the crooning of a mother with her babe, the laughter of a little child, the tenderness of spoken sympathy?

No, Mr. Rockefeller could never have meant that hearing was not a great blessing. What he did mean must have been any or all of three things:

That too many of today's sounds are dissonant; that in her wonderful economy nature develops new faculties in her children to take the place of missing faculties; that the struggle against odds is itself a blessing to the spirit.

If this is what one of our richest Americans would have us believe, we say "Amen." But we rejoice that we have ears to hear the discussion which he has called forth.

The above is about as sane a comment on the "affliction" of the "silent people" as we ever expect to see in a daily paper, being, as it is, devoid of the sentimental gush, or slush, spilled in our popular magazines by the average writer that tackles that most difficult subject, the deaf. Yet we feel that the writer, evidently not being deaf, hardly got at the core of the matter. On the other hand neither can a person who has no memory of the delights of sound fairly estimate the so-called "blessing" of deafness.

To a Southern Girl

Her dimpled cheeks are pale;
She's a lily of the vale,
Not a rose;
In a muslin or a lawn
She is fairer than the dawn
To her beaux.

Her boots are slim and neat;
She is vain about her feet,
It is said;
She amputates her r's,
But her eyes are like the stars
Overhead.

On the balcony at night,
With a fleecy cloud of white
Round her hair
Her grace, oh who could paint?
She would fascinate a saint,
I declare.

'Tis a matter of regret,
She's a bit of a coquette
Whom I sing;
On her cruel path she goes
With a half a dozen beaux
To her string.

But let all that praise pass by
As her maiden moments fly
Dew-empearled;
When she marries, on my life,
She will make the dearest wife
In the world.

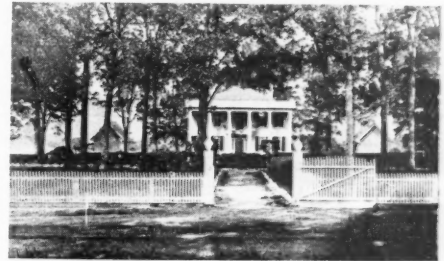
—Sam Peck.

Mr. Rockefeller, although he is a shrewd observer, probably did not mean by his widely-quoted statement any more than the average person, who beholding for the first time a religious service for the deaf is deeply moved by its impressive silence. I have repeatedly seen spectators moved to tears by the Lord's Prayer rendered in signs, even though they did not understand a sign. It is easy under the stress of such emotion to give vent to the sentiment that the deaf are more blessed than the hearing, but Mr. Rockefeller did not go quite that far.

Coming right down to facts—facts that only those who have fully enjoyed the sense of hearing and also the "blessings of deafness" can appreciate,—deafness at best is a blessing only in the sense that any other evil can be a blessing—as a discipline. The ignorance of many of the deaf of the joys of sound is their bliss, but to those who become deaf late in life deafness is felt to be what it really is—a nightmare and a curse. By the law of compensa-

tion we have our Helen Keller, but who shall say that had this prodigy all her senses she would not be "infinitely more blessed"—although she might have got a deal less advertising.

There is too much old-fashioned superstition that thinks it sees the will of God in everything disagreeable clinging to the modern popular notion of



A TYPICAL SOUTHERN MANSION
Ante-bellum Residence of Lawler

deafness. If deafness were as sacred as some people seem to suppose, then the Master was undoing a good work when he rebuked the blessed (?) condition of deafness in the afflicted man in Galilee.

"The passing of deafness" is not to be realized by oralism, mechanical appliances, social regulations, nor by any other attempts at repairing the works of the Lord, but that it will come somehow, sometime, Heaven, that abhors a discord, has decreed.

:::

THE ALABAMA BRANCH of the G. C. A. A., though comparatively small in the number of its active members, is right in the front line-up as an exponent of the Gallaudet spirit. Every member is a live wire charged with as much enthusiasm for "dear old Gallaudet" as is any undergraduate at the College. Following is a forecast of the spiritual pabulum that the Branch will serve up the coming season—one which, we believe, will make the mouth of every alumnus water.

PROGRAM—1913-1914

SEPTEMBER

With Mr. W. S. Johnson and Miss Toney.
Business Meeting and Social.

OCTOBER

With Mr. and Mrs. Robertson.
Ancient Games.....Mr. Jenkins
Current Events.....Mr. Shibley
Declamation.....Mrs. Davison

NOVEMBER

With Mr. J. H. McFarlane.
An Evening With Famous Women.
Madame De Maintenon, The Political Woman
.....Mrs. J. N. Robertson
Great Women in Literature.....Mrs. Jenkins
Poem from a famous Poetess.....Mr. McFarlane
(Continued on following page.)



BUILDINGS, ALABAMA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF



By Miss Petra T. Fandrem, Duluth, Minn.



HURRYING to get this copy out seems like the good old days when we had to hustle around and get our lessons done. Now, as then, we do not realize how fast time flies. The papers that have been coming in have proved so interesting that we could write a book about them.

The reunion at the Ohio School for the Deaf, way back in August, must have been worth going to, according to one of the attendants who writes "we enjoyed everything from the Governor's speech down to the Institution's cat."

The *Mt. Airy World* "strikes it right" to use a slang expression, when they say that slang should be taught in school. Few of us realize the number of slang expressions we use daily and would be horrified if some one should keep count and tell us the exact number. Hearing children unconsciously learn slang, but a deaf child has to be taught. Until a deaf child knows slang well enough to understand the most common expressions, he is not going to get along very well with his hearing brothers and sisters. It seems to be the one great difficulty between the hearing and the deaf, this fact that the deaf do not understand and appreciate a language which is common to all hearing people.

"The Teacher's Lot" in the *Kentucky Standard* brings to mind the story of the Cedar Rapids school-teacher who wished an increase in salary. She spoke to one member of the Board about it and he insisted that it could not be had. She then asked him what he paid his stenographer and he said, "Well, that is different, she is invaluable and I could not get along without her assistance in my work." "Yes," said the teacher, "you pay her a good salary to save you a few cents, but you refuse to pay a little more to get for your children the training that will make them fine men and women." Sufficient to say she received her increase in salary and the School Board is still thinking of what she said.

Mr. J. S. Long takes the prize for having attended the most conventions during the past summer. We thought two was a reasonable number, but when it comes to three we fight shy.

The Washington School comes out with the statement that they have eleven students at Gallaudet. Hurrah for Washington and also for the Combined Method, which so ably assisted these students in gaining their education. Much credit is due to Mr. Clarke who has, in a very short time, put the Washington School on equal footing with the best schools in the country. By the way, we hear that he is being considered as a successor to Dr. F. D. Clarke, late of Michigan. A better man could not be found.

Olof Hanson has left all business cares behind and "has done, gone and went" to gather in his apples. We are looking forward to receiving some in the very near future. If not, well, then, some one can be sure we will have an everlasting grudge against him.

The *North Dakota Banner* may have its "Joke Department," but we wonder if it can beat this:

Old Lady (to beggar at door)—What's this soiled paper? You'll have to tell me what it says, I haven't my glasses.

Beggar—Please, mum, it says I am deaf and dumb and can you spare me a few cents.

We always took Thomas Sheridan for one of these very very quiet fellows, but the old saying holds true, that still water runs deep. He is mak-



PICNIC HELD AT WOPSONONOCK NEAR ALTOONA, PA.

ing the *Banner* a "banner" paper full of both wit and wisdom.

Isn't it hard to keep a secret? Well, here I am with all the N. A. D. announcements just about ready and I can neither beg, borrow, nor steal them for my own use. Ain't it awful?

Old Put, of Ohio, did not wait long before accepting the invitation to join the Anti-Bachelors' Club. We trust that his present state of bliss will not make him forget that we are looking forward to a few more Stray Straws in the *Ohio Chronicle*.

The *Minnesota Companion* comes out with a picture of the new girls' building, of which the school has reason to be proud. It is but a short time ago since the Auditorium Building was built and it would seem that they are getting more than their share of good things. The new building has been called "Tate Hall," which is a very appropriate way of showing appreciation for what Dr. Tate has done for the school.

Weston Jenkins is again grinding out his "learned editorials" and we fear even to quote him less the pages of the *SILENT WORKER* be unbalanced. He assures us that we are all mighty interested in the questions discussed and perhaps he may take them up again.

"Part One Hundred and Ninety in Glimpses of English History," is the first thing that catches our eye in the *Mt. Airy World*. Poor old Milton looks as though he were rather tired of waiting for his turn to be "glimpsed" and would rather that we take a full look and be done with it.

In looking over the various write-ups of the Cleveland Convention, we note frequent allusions to Mrs. Marcossou, of Kentucky, and Mrs. Balis, of Canada. We don't know just what every one alludes to, but we do know that these two women became more popular than ever at the convention.

The following is by Robert S. Taylor, taken from the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*:

"Parental Pressure" is the "last defense" of the pure oralists—their final retreat when driven out of other positions. I want to ask a few plain questions. First, if the wishes of parents are to be the guiding star in matters pertaining to the education of children, would it not necessitate the employment of a method, a means, a plan, and an aim to be accomplished, for each individual child as the whim and caprice of the parent might dictate; and leave the State (society in general) no say in the matter? Would not such an idea carried home to its ultimate conclusion mean that the State shall not say or do anything about the child's education that the parents do not approve. Would it not result in the abolishment of all compulsory attendance laws, all

child labor laws and the like, and leave everything to the judgment of the parent? How much more right have parents of a deaf child to say that their child shall be taught speech and lip-reading and by the oral method, than parents who are German have to demand that their child shall be taught through and by means of the German language, and so on, *ad infinitum*? In short, where are you going to stop when you begin to put the wishes of parents above the interests of the child?

It is the State that should decide these matters from the welfare of the child point of view. It is the duty, and should be the business, of all deaf people, who know what is the welfare of the deaf child in educational matters, to advise and help the State to decide the problem right. The whiners, "parents demand it and we must submit," people are simply trying to keep on the side where they think, for the time being, that their bread is buttered. There is no principle in it. There is no right in it. It is not right to the children; it is not right to the parents; they should be undeceived; it is not right to these people, themselves, who know better. It is the devil's business.

MAC'S MUSINGS

(Continued from page 33)

DECEMBER

With Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins.

Days of Slavery.....Mr. W. S. Johnson
Reading.....Mr. Robertson
Recitation.....Mr. McFarlane

JANUARY

With Mr. and Mrs. Robertson

Life of Longfellow.....Mrs. Jenkins
Recitation.....Mr. Robertson
Psalm of Life.....Mrs. Robertson

MARCH

With Mr. McCandless and Mrs. Davison

An evening in Ireland.
America's Debt to the Irish-American Citizens
.....Mr. McCandless
Wits of Great Irish Men.....Mr. Jenkins
Irish Song.....Mr. McFarlane

APRIL

With Messrs. W. S. Johnson, McFarlane and McCandless

At Dear Old Gallaudet.....Mr. McFarlane
Current Events.....Mrs. Shibley
A Monologue.....Mrs. Robertson

MAY

Picnic

We should always keep a corner of our heads open and free, that we may make room for the opinions of our friends. Let us have heart and head hospitality.—Joubert.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS

BY C. E. C.



WO or three times, in recent years, I have read articles in city newspapers purporting to give information on the sign-language and illustrating some of the signs. Hardly one of the illustrations gave any interpretation of the word it was said to represent.

When a reporter, or a person who is merely aroused to a temporary interest in the deaf, essays to enlighten the public anent the sign-language, it is a case of the blind leading the blind, and the initiated can only "grind their teeth in impotent rage." The mischief lasts.

Although I have been totally deaf since nine years of age, and conversant with the sign-language since I was thirteen, the word "mute," used as a noun, always sets my teeth on edge. To say that a man is deaf, or deaf and dumb, seems to me to correctly describe his state and to be unobjectionable, but to call him "a mute," sort o' sets him without the pale of human beings, and to classify him as some "critter" not to be considered in the same category as the *genus homo*.

I once had quite a spirited discussion with the sister of a deaf man, on some topic now forgotten, and I got so tired of her patronizing air of explaining things I knew as well as she did, that at last, like the worm, I turned, and "read the riot act" to her in a way to set her thinking.

She gazed helplessly at me a moment, then said, quite humbly, "you are more like a hearing person than any mute I ever met."

"And I'm not a *mute*," I retorted hotly, "haven't you heard my tongue wagging for the last half hour?" Whereupon she laughed merrily and gave it up.

But whether a deaf person can speak or no, it seems more considerate to speak of him as a *deaf person*, not "a dummy," and not a "mute,"—as if he were of a distinct species.

I have long wished to join in the discussion that has been going on so long, for and against the sign-language.

It seems to me that I can see both sides of the question with equal clearness, in that my education was well started before deafness overtook me, and my deafness gave the oralists no opportunity to "restore me to society," for the reason that I was never cut off from it, (I went through the fifth reader when eight, and was considered a good reader and recitationist, with a particular leaning toward music.) When my ears ceased their office, my tongue refused to follow suit,—that's all.

My impressions upon first witnessing an animated conversation in signs, remain comparatively clear, and are doubtless similar to the impressions left upon people who hear. (Of that, more another time).

I was much opposed to learning to "talk on my hands," and, for that matter, bitterly resented the suggestion that I should be sent to a school for the deaf, at all, my idea of such a school having been formed by my school-mates' reference to it as "the deaf and dumb asylum," in tones that instantly classed it, in my mind, with the poor-house, and it nearly broke my heart when it was finally decided,—all my tears, prayers and reproaches notwithstanding,—that I must be placed in one. I confess that I felt I was being degraded.

Of course it was ignorance of the true status of a school for deaf children, *but*—and this is a point to bear in mind—it is the ignorance that is general among those not actually connected with our schools or brought into frequent contact with the deaf. How to correct the erroneous impression, is the question "before the meeting house." And of that, too, more later on.

I have no hope that all I wish to say could find space in one issue of the SILENT WORKER.

What I would first call attention to, is the *abuse* of the sign-language—horrible abuse.

A few years ago, at a re-union, I witnessed the rendering of the beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light!" by two young ladies. They went through the performance like automatons, their faces and gestures alike expressionless, — wooden. I wished that they had "cut it out."

A little later, a hearing son of deaf parents gave us—in signs and vocally—"Abide With Me!" a hymn no more beautiful than the other, but his rendition of it, full of expression and feeling, true as to "time," made me *almost hear it*, and for long afterward it sang itself to me, "Oh Lord, abide with me!"

What is the point I wish to emphasize? That no one should attempt to *sing*, in signs, who has no memory of music and of the tune and "time" of that particular song, unless well drilled by some person who does know it, otherwise he makes a mere recitation of it and would better choose a poem, not a hymn or a song-proper. It jars the sensibilities of the initiated to have a tune "murdered."

I tried, once, to explain this to a bright deaf man who lost his hearing in infancy.

He was astonished at the length of time I dwelt upon a single, short word,—or sign—in a well-known song, and seemed to doubt that I knew my subject. Yet when, at the request of a dear old lady, I delivered the whole song in signs, while she sang it vocally, we kept in perfect time, because I remember the tune—a favorite before I lost my hearing. She was so delighted that she wanted to repeat the "duet" at her church which I declined to do.

When one retires from the busy routine and looks on from afar, it is easy to see much that escapes notice when one is at close range, and I have been wondering why each school does not have its censor and instructor—of course its *very best* exponent of the sign-language—to teach correct expression, check abuses of signs, and to drill intending "singers," essayists, and others before they appear before the critical eyes of an assemblage.

Shall we ever remember to control the features in talkings?

I once stood in a group of bright deaf men and women, waiting for a street-car. Near us stood a group of hearing women, also waiting for the car.

My attention was drawn to one of the latter who was watching my friends and commenting upon them to her companions. She drew down the corners of her mouth and puckered up her chin in an ugly sneer, and other ladies of the group glanced from her to our group. I did so, too, and was mortified to see a similar sneering expression on almost every face in the group, in some cases accompanied by scowling brows, making it look like a *hateful, ill-tempered crowd*.

We all know the habit. It "gets" most of us. Even the hearing teachers at our schools sometimes fall into it, when talking with the deaf. It is quite an unnecessary adjunct to the sign-language, and it is *horrid*!

I was once rash enough to take a very candid young woman of my acquaintance to a service for the deaf. It was her first experience of the kind and she kept nudging me to whisper "Some one is making a noise, back there!" "Can the preacher talk? What makes him keep opening his mouth, then?" "Why! he clapped his hands, *loud*," etc., etc., until I finally told her to hush.

I well remember the queer feeling I had the first time I saw a man, unable to speak, "mouthing" while talking in signs. It seemed uncanny, I did not understand signs, and I kept wishing he would keep those impotent lips closed.

While I was in school, one of the teachers, (both deaf and dumb,) was lecturing in chapel, one morn-

ing, and emphasized, as he thought, what he was saying by opening his mouth widely and closing it, of course framing no *words*, as he spelled off parts of his remarks. I tittered at the grotesqueness of it and was publicly reprimanded.

But I "laid" for that man outside of school-hours, and told him what I thought of his reproving me for laughing when he "made a monkey of himself."

Opening and closing the mouth without forming any word, gives an onlooker, unfamiliar with the habits of the deaf, the impression of an impotent effort to speak, and used to give *me* a creepy sensation before I got used to it.

We make unnecessary noise in bringing our hands together — clap, clap — in making the signs for "school," "praise," etc., and in striking breast or forehead in signs for "happy," "know," "stupid," etc., unmindful of how it impresses the casual observer.

If our schools would only take up the matter, through *every teacher*, and teach the children to bring their hands into action softly, or touch the hands, breast and forehead more in seeming than in reality, so as to eliminate the clap, slap, thump, thud, and control the features, giving them sufficient expression to convey meaning without the sneers and scowls and mouthings that make outsiders stare in amazement and question our mental status, we should soon see a vast improvement, the country over, and the oralists could not say quite so much against a language that *should be* all grace.

Can we not begin now, all of us, and work for an improvement in expression?

C. E. C.

(Continued from page 29)

electric company's store a very pretty young woman stepped up to him and gave him a dime. The clerk, West, saw the young woman approach the beggar. He also saw that she had on a slit skirt of the most extreme style.

West's eye wandered from the skirt to McCarty, the beggar. The "blind man" had regained his sight. He even looked back over his shoulder as the young woman proceeded down the street. The electric company is next door to No. 4 Police Station and West notified an officer.

McCarty admitted he was playing blind. When Judge Bland heard the story he sent McCarty back to the farm.

* * *

The enterprising American editor of course assigned the following item to the "Wit and Humor" column of his paper but we are inclined to think that Chief Howard would have taken it seriously enough:

"A gentleman noticed a beggar on London Bridge with a card in front of him, inscribed 'Please pity the poor blind.' The man himself, however, was looking hither and thither with great interest. The gentleman went up to him and said: 'You are an impostor; you can see as well as I myself.' The man looked at the board and hastened to make a correction: 'Yes, I am sorry, sir, it is a mistake; to-day ought to have been my deaf and dumb day.'"

* * *

EUGENICALLY SPEAKING

The attention of those scientifically and charitably inclined is called to a sad case that has recently come to our notice. A young woman of German parentage and a young man of Austrian descent were married seven years ago. Since then they have had six children, of whom one died almost at birth, one is very delicate, and two are said to be deaf-mutes. The mother is devoted to them, and the father is very energetic and industrious, but is unprepared to make a living because of lack of proper training in his youth. The family is now dependent in part on the public for support, and as the trade followed by the father is extremely hazardous, he may become entirely dependent at almost any time. The only thing that prevents us from appealing for contributions for them is the fact that the parents described are the King and Queen of Spain.—*Collier's Weekly*.

Southern California

THE SOUTHLAND

The sensuous South in beauty grows,
Like magic springs the flora here,
The amber light its fair moon throws
Was made to calm, yet gently cheer;
And midst the palm and midst the pine,
From plain to peak, by laving brine,
The sun, that never fails to shine,
Has made a spot that's half divine.

Or be it day, or be it night,
By the cool wave, on mountain height,
Midst poppy fields, on desert sand,
My heart is thine, O lovely land!

HOWARD L. TERRY



HERE are some three hundred deaf people in Los Angeles and vicinity. Of these only a small percentage are native-born, and we have yet to find one among them who is not glad to live in California. They come here from all the states in the union, and from Canada. We presume that there may be a few here from Mexico, whose acquaintance we have not yet made. We do not know if there is a deaf school in that rebellious country—Mexico; but if there is one we know that the Spanish language is taught, therefore it is likely that any attempts at social intercourse with the Mexican deaf would prove embarrassing, if not tedious. Still we wish that they may some day have the same social and educational privileges that we, the deaf of a peaceful nation, enjoy.

To return to the Los Angeles deaf, we must say that those who came from the East have "made good." The richer ones have found not only all the year round out of door pleasure here, but like the poorer deaf have also profited physically and mentally: for in this equable climate is health; and after seeing the interesting sights here, one feels that his education has been added to immensely.

It takes only a short time to become acclimated, which invariably means fascinated; so the old home back East is soon forgotten, to say the most.

The capable deaf invariably find jobs or start out for themselves. Let us say that, on account of the steady influx of tourists into California, it may be that competition is fiercer here than elsewhere. Yet, we repeat that the deaf here have been noticeably successful. Most of them own their own homes, and have steady work.

In their struggles for a livelihood not a few of them have displayed great courage. They have maintained a persistency in dark hours that calls for the highest praise. Of this we shall write more another time.

It seems that the great dailies vied with one another in giving prominence to the N. A. D. at Cleveland this summer. Omitting the magic name of John D. Rockefeller, all this would be extraordinary. While it was novel, it was also gratifying to us that the *Los Angeles Times* should herald the Convention's proceedings on its front page. This paper is considered by the brainy people to be the best paper on the coast. Heretofore, it has seldom said a good word for the deaf. It persistently ignored their rights as efficient citizens.

Yet, we did not exactly approve of head-lines, such as this: "Rockefeller Weeps for the Deaf and Dumb." It seemed to suggest that Rockefeller, like the rest of the public, could only pity the deaf. What we want is recognition, not sympathy. It would have been better if the newspapers had, "Rockefeller speaks well of the Deaf and Dumb." It might then have induced the public to see the deaf in the right light—to know that they are just like other people.

Years ago we read *Ramona*, that impressively human story by Helen Hunt Jackson. After we came to live in California we had the opportunity

to go over the country described in that book. We also visited "Ramona's Old Home" in San Diego. The romantic feeling coming over us again, we decided to re-read the book. When half way through the book our pleasure was somewhat marred by this sentence, " * * * he acted like one dumb and deaf and without head." The speaker was an old Mission Indian convert. He was describing another Indian's grief when their beloved Padre sailed away from his Mission, San Juan Capistrano, never



Here the aged palms stand sentinel like, to guard, as it were, the romantic and mystic air of the Old Mission.

to return. In using the phrase "dumb and deaf" we do not think that Mrs. Jackson meant to say that deaf people are invariably stupid. Yet the expression seems to indicate it. So it seemed to us that we might ask the N. A. D. authorities to



Overlooking the sea, this park with its swaying palms, evergreens and tropical vegetation is one of the most beautiful in the world.

write the publishers in that respect. We might ask them to omit the words "dumb and deaf" in their next edition. This seems timely. For *Ramona* is as popular as ever. And with the Indian race dying out the book promises to be immortal.

The Los Angeles deaf have both a club and a Mission. The former, the Amapoa Club, founded years ago, meets every Saturday night. Its president is Mr. Simon Himmelschein. It enjoys a large membership of interesting folks.

The Los Angeles Mission to the Deaf was founded one year ago. It has had remarkable growth. Its meetings are held every Wednesday evening in the Parish House of St. Paul's Pro. Cathedral. The programs are arranged by a Committee of five persons, with Miss Alice Chenoweth as Chairman. Alternate Bible Talks and Literature is the rule in this Mission. Mr. Edmund Price is President; Mrs. Alice T. Terry, Secretary; Mr. Norman Lewis, Treasurer. These meetings are always enjoyed by a large and enthusiastic crowd.

The Los Angeles deaf keep up a social activity that is quite unique; picnics and surprise parties

having been the rule for the season just closed. And there are never any summer rains to spoil these outings.

The last party was a reception tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Price at their home,—the occasion being the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage. Useful presents of linen and cut glass were received. Besides having the usual social good time, the guests greatly enjoyed the diverting and original games presented by Mr. Price. In his capacity as entertainer, Mr. Price always excels.

MRS. ALICE T. TERRY

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

AN OPEN LETTER

"EXCLUSIVE FRIENDSHIP"

—, You have very delightful times, you and that one friend. But what a sorry day it is when she goes on a vacation and you are left behind!

Or when you are invited to some place without her!

And then just suppose she should move away from the city some day, or that "the one man" should so divert her mind that you find yourself crowded out. Oh yes, after the period of heart breaking you would find another to take her place, and it would still be just you, and the one "chum," eating and walking and talking together and each making all her plans to include the other.

But I wonder if you never acknowledge way back in your mind, that though you "never, oh, never would be disloyal," yet sometimes the one point of view gets tedious, that you are falling into "rusts" in conversation, in reading and in opinions. Then there is another thing if you let yourself see it—in such a friendship.

It happens always that one friend is being dominated and the other dominating. It may be hard for you to concede, but do you not honestly think that it is a "small" mind which can be satisfied, always with that which one person can give?

I do. The growing, active working mind wants all the help which can come from "Paul or Appollos or Cephas,"—needs sometimes the practical wisdom of one friend, sometimes the intellectual keenness of another, again the saintly vision of a third. It needs some friend from whom it can receive most and some to whom it can give most. Some who will be as the soothing ointment and some with the effect of the stinging "counter-irritant."

One for today and another for tomorrow; and all of these can be dear each in her own place.

And then how selfish the exclusive friendship may be! If your friend is really worth while, then other people need some of her. If you have anything worth bestowing, then you have no right to keep it all upon the one person, so long as you live in a great world of people, all needing friends.

There is all the rest of your life to consider, too—for "life is not always May." We speak of the "loneliness of old age," but I have known old age not at all lonely, because the woman has not been narrow and limited, but has at every turn in life been making friends. Friends of her own age, and also many who were younger. And so as the natural changes come and death takes some, there are many more to whom she can turn, cheerily and helpfully, and her "old age" is not sad and lonely.

Shall we not be wise to plan with large thought for our "friendship"—life?

"O."

PAIR UNITED BY SIGNS AT "QUIET WEDDING"

The "quiet wedding" became a reality in Irvington, N. J., September 24th, when Miss Mary S. German became the bride of Frank J. Jefinck, of No. 534 Essex street, Brooklyn.

Both are deaf-mutes, as were most of the guests. The ceremony was conducted in the sign-language by Father Quirk.

It is not only arrogant, but it is profligate, for a man to disregard the world's opinion of himself.—*Cicero*.

The Boston Ladies' Auxiliary

Very nearly two years have elapsed since any extended notice of this organization has been given in these columns. The intervening time, we are glad to say, has shown rapid advancement along many times. The Auxiliary has come into still closer touch with the Management of the Home, its officers being now on the Board of Lady Visitors, and co-operating with the Trustees, more or less, in all other plans. A good proof of this union in work is the accompanying picture, in which the Matron and three Trustees of the Home appear in company with the officers and nine members of the Auxiliary. Some of its valued members, however, were absent when this picture was taken, Donation Day, October 13. Others arrived too late to be included.

Up to October 1, 1913, the offices of President and Treasurer were filled, as last noted, by Mrs. Bigelow and Mrs. Chapman. Mrs. Holmes was Vice President for 1911-12 and Mrs. Cross for 1912-13. The office of Collector was abolished in January last, the duties of that office being performed by the Treasurer. The last election resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Bigelow; Vice President, Miss Jennings; Secretary, Mrs. Perry; Treasurer, Mrs. Cross. Exceptionally good work was done, last year, by the President and Secretary, thus insuring their unanimous re-election.

In financial results, these two years have been among the best in the history of the Auxiliary. Through Mrs. Bigelow, the N. E. G. A. convention of 1912, at Springfield, made a generous contribution, which, supplemented by the efforts of the ladies during that year, enabled the Trustees to make needed repairs on the Home, and added much to its comfort and convenience.

Another Fair has been held, netting about \$140.00, and the suppers and entertainments occurring each month, together with membership fees, pledges and direct gifts, have brought the total up to \$500.00 for the current year—certainly a good showing. From this, a perceptible reduction of the mortgage on the Home has resulted, giving great encouragement to the Trustees, and bringing many letters of thanks from them.

As at first organized the Auxiliary was very informal, but, since January, 1912, efforts toward better organization have gone steadily forward. In March, 1913, a committee, consisting of Miss Jen-



LADIES' AUXILIARY MEMBERS

Standing from left to right—Mrs. Fred. Wood, Mrs. J. Soper, Miss E. Goldsmith, Mr. E. W. Frisbee, Mr. W. Alcott, managing trustee; Mrs. I. Blanchard, Miss B. Gray, Mrs. H. Fairman.
Sitting—Mrs. K. Chase, Mrs. F. W. Bigelow, President; Miss A. Jennings, Vice President; Miss M. Thompson, Matron; Mrs. W. Perry, Secretary; Mrs. S. Cross, Treasurer; Mrs. L. Burrill.
Sitting on grass—Mrs. W. Malone, Mrs. W. Rudolph.

nings, Mrs. Frisbee and Mrs. Rudolph, was appointed to draw up a series of By-Laws, which, later, were approved by the members, printed in suitable form, and circulated during the summer. Of course they are too recent to show their full value as yet.

The activities of the Auxiliary are now given regular notice in the *Spokeman*, an interesting little paper, published monthly by the Trustees of the Home. It has been circulated broadcast among the deaf of New England, for the past six months or so, and has already awakened a new interest in the Home, and led many deaf ladies to consider the question of joining the Auxiliary. Six new members were received last year. The first one to be received during the present year is no stranger to SILENT WORKER readers—Mrs. A. H. Fisher, of Me-

thuen. We feel honored by her connection with us, and also by that of the two honorary members received at the last business meeting—Mrs. Persis Bowden and Miss Emily Goldsmith. Mrs. Bowden was the founder of our society and her annual visits to Boston are the source of much encouragement. She spent two months of last summer here, seeing all the members as far as practicable. On one Sunday in particular, she met five of them at the home of the Secretary, Mrs. Perry, and a general "pow-wow" was held.

Miss Goldsmith is a Trustee of the Home, and will serve as a mediator between the Managing Board and the Auxiliary.

The custom of monthly meetings at the homes of members is still kept up, and is the means of much pleasant interchange of work and sociability. More public entertainments are also held every month. Unusually attractive plans are under way for those of 1913-14, and it is hoped that much financial gain will accrue from them.

Our article of January, 1912, in these columns, closed with a lament that the work of the Auxiliary should be so entirely confined to the neighborhood of Boston when the Home for which we labor really belongs to New England. This is no longer true. The ladies of Bangor and adjacent places in Maine helped much by work and money during the summer of 1912; the ladies of New Hampshire are falling into line; the "heart of the Commonwealth," Worcester, is most energetically taking up the work as Branch No. 3; while Connecticut is not far behind. It only remains for Rhode Island to complete the circle.

A. C. G.

Who observes not that the voice of the people, yea of that people that voiced themselves the people of God, did prosecute the God of all people, with one common voice, "He is worthy to die." I will not, therefore, ambitiously beg their voices for my preferment; nor weigh my worth in that uneven balance, in which a feather of opinion shall be moment enough to turn the scales and make a light piece go current, and a current piece seem light. —Arthur Warwick.

Do not think of knocking out another person's brains because he differs in opinion from you. It would be as rational to knock yourself on the head because you differ from yourself ten years ago.—Horace Mann.

The foolish and the dead alone never opinion.—Lowell.



From left to right (standing behind each other)—Miss Ciske, Miss M. Awde, Miss H. Danforth, Miss F. Philla, Miss W. Browne, Mrs. L. Clark, Mrs. Mercer, Mrs. Croft, Miss J. McCarthy, Miss T. Crowley and Miss D. Cameron.
Photo. by F. W. Bigelow.

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Convention of The Maritime Association of the Deaf

The Sixth Convention of the Maritime Association of the Deaf was held in the Parish Hall at Amherst, Nova Scotia, on August 31st, September 1st and 2nd and was a success. On Sunday morning, August 31st, the delegates assembled in the Baptist Church and attended Rev. Mr. Stackhouse's sermon, being the president of the Association. They had no afternoon service; this was omitted by the Board. The evening service was more of a story-telling meeting than a religious service.

Monday, September 1st,—morning and afternoon. Mrs. Harvey signed a hymn, Mayor Fage, of Amherst, delivered an opening address of welcome, interpreted by Mrs. Boyce to the delegates, followed by the president's reply of thanks. He departed amidst applause to board his automobile for his summer home.

Mrs. Boyce, the interpreter, gave an address which was followed by Mr. Mackenzie's reply. The officers and directors present also delivered addresses. The membership roll totaled 56 members.

President, McDonald occupied the whole afternoon session with a reading of the revised Constitution for consideration and discussion, to be voted on at the next Convention.

At the evening service, the rest of the Constitution was discussed and a collection of \$7.40 was taken up for Mrs. Boyce's benefit.

Ernest Rogers won a prize in the guessing contest of a bottle of beans. His guess was 63, being nearest to 62 beans in the bottle.

On Tuesday, September 2nd, in the morning, the President read Treasurer Harvey's report as follows:

Dr.	Cr.
Circulars.....\$ 2.50	Bank account.....\$53.43
Stationery..... 1.00	Fees 40.50
Postage..... 1.35	
Floral Cross for	Dr. 32.70
O'Brien..... 4.00	
Expenses for	Balance\$61.23
Mrs. Boyce..... 8.85	
Hall rent..... 15.00	
	\$37.70

He called for the election of officers and directors and appointed a committee on nomination. The election resulted as follows:

For President, Robert W. McDonald, Halifax, re-elected by acclamation, Robert Sowerby having retired.

For Vice President, Robert Sowerby, Moncton.

For Secretary, Wm. MacDonald, St. John, (re-elected).

For Treasurer, Alfred Harvey, Halifax, (re-elected).

Directors for Nova Scotia:—Mrs. A. Harvey, Mrs. F. Bowlby, B. Munro, Miss Mary McLean.

For New Brunswick:—W. Bleakney, Mrs. W. MacDonald, S. J. Doherty, G. S. Mackenzie, leading director.

On Tuesday afternoon the sports were held on the Amherst Academy grounds and resulted as follows:

75 yard dash.—First, B. Munro; second, H. Trenholm.

Skip and jump.—First, P. Rogers; second, F. McLeod.

Married ladies' race.—First, Mrs. Macdonald; second, Mrs. McDonald.

All ladies' race.—First, Miss Ada McLeod; second, Mrs. Harvey; third, Mrs. Macdonald.

Men's carrying race.—First, B. Munro with D. Ferguson; second, F. Bowlby with H. Trenholm.

Ladies' Potato Race.—First, Miss Ada McLeod; second, Mrs. Harvey.

Men's Potato Race.—First, F. Bowlby; second, W. Bellefontaine.

Boys' Potato Race.—First, D. Ferguson; second, W. Ternholm.

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Handkerchief Race.—First, Mrs. Macdonald; second, Mrs. Bowlby; third, Miss Edith Morrison.

Run and jump.—First, P. Rogers; second, B. Munro.

Men's boot race.—First, R. Sowerby; second, J. C. Avar.

220 yard race.—First, H. Trenholm; second, F. McLeod; third, B. Munro.

Ladies' throwing ball.—First, Miss Ada McLeod; second, Mrs. Harvey.

There was no handball game between gentlemen and ladies as announced in the circular.

After supper the delegates were given an automobile trip. Some who were left out, were taken to the moving picture show by Mr. McKim, the mayor's representative. On their return they assembled in the hall.

Charlottetown, the capital of Prince Edward Island province, the Garden of the Gulf, was suggested for the place of next convention, but was postponed owing to the smallness of the Convention.

By majority of 19 Digby was decided on as the place of next convention. Digby is a summer resort and seaport town in Nova Scotia near St. John, N.B., across the Bay of Fundy. The prizes were rewarded to the winners of sports. The oaken writing box made by Elderkin Allen, of Amherst, was presented to President McDonald.

The convention then adjourned *sine die*.

NOTES

A reception was held in the parlor of the Terrace Hotel at midnight and Director Doherty made a speech of thanks to the hotel proprietor and his wife for hospitality.

One delegate was unfortunate enough to be turned out on his way home and had to return 25 miles and catch the secretary in time to fill his certificate for a ticket which he had forgotten.

INFORMATION WANTED

Information concerning the whereabouts of John Piorkoski, who left the New Jersey School for the Deaf about four years ago and went to live with his parents in Aberdeen, Washington. He left home Jan. 26, 1912, from which time he has not been heard from. Address Joseph Piorkoski, 201 King St., Aberdeen, Washington.

The British Deaf Times

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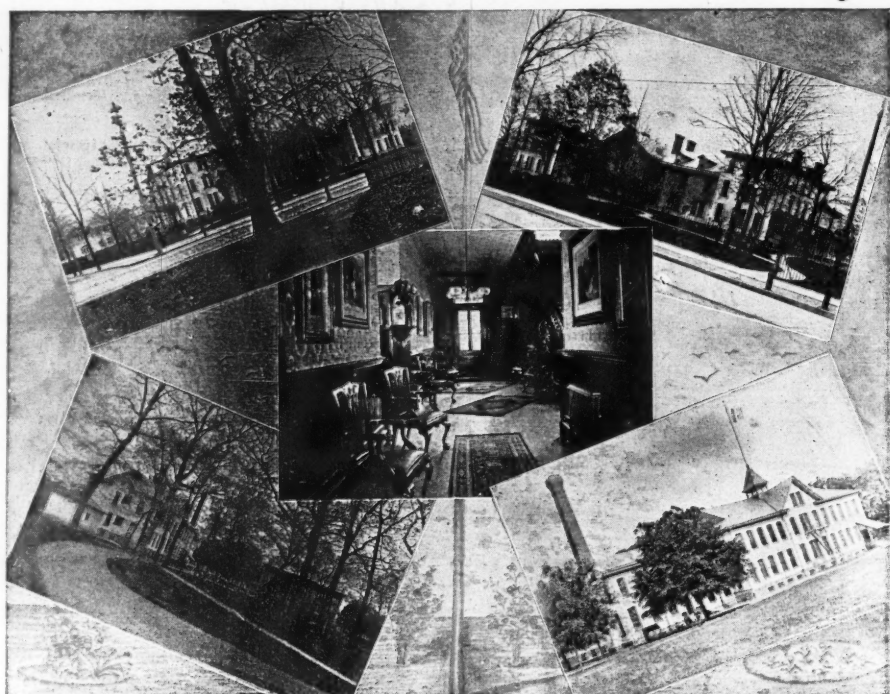
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